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MECHANISED WARFARE, IN FAIR AND FOUL CONDITIONS: TWO LARGE TANKS PASSING THROUGH COLLINGBOURNE DUCIS, AND (BELOW) A TWO-SEATER TANKETTE IN SWAMPY GROUND—DURING ARMY EXERCISES.

A completely mechanised Army Brigade has, for the first time, been taking part in the intensive training exercises which began recently on Salisbury Plain. The new force, which started on its programme at Tidworth on August 19, comprised over two hundred mechanised vehicles, including tanks of every type, from the

"giants" to the little tankettes for one or two men respectively. The operations, some of which took place at night, were designed to test the mobility of such a force under war conditions, and various incidental problems connected therewith. Further photographs illustrating the subject appear on page 327 in this number.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is a fault in the current art of the films which is intensely typical of our time. I have hardly ever seen a motion picture in which the motion was not too rapid to give any real sense of rapidity. For just as a thing can be too small to be even seen as small, or too large to be even seen as large, so it can easily be too swift to be even seen as swift. In order that a man riding on a horse should look as if he were riding hard, it is first necessary that he should look like a man on a horse. If he only looks like a Catherine-wheel seen through a fog, it is not even an impossibly rapid ride. It is not an impression of swiftness, because it is not an impression of anything. It is not an exaggeration of swiftness, because there is nothing to exaggerate. But when exaggeration goes past a certain point, in a certain direction, it passes a merely material border of the powers of the eye and the conditions of time and space, and it becomes not a rapid but rather an invisible thing. This would seem to be a very obvious piece of common-sense in connection with any artistic effect; yet these artists and producers who talk so learnedly and work so laboriously in connection with artistic effects have apparently not yet learnt even a little thing like that. I should like to leave them out in a thunderstorm to watch the effect of lightning. I think they might be struck by it.

For instance, I have a simple, melodramatic mind; there is nothing lofty or peace-loving about me, and I thoroughly enjoy seeing people knocked down on the stage. I should have no objection to seeing them knocked down in real life, if the people were wisely and thoughtfully selected. In fact, I have seen them knocked down in real life, and sometimes knocked down very rapidly. It would be entirely in the right spirit of representative art if on the stage or on the film they were knocked down rather more rapidly than they can be in real life. But in nearly all those American cinema stories about "the great open spaces where men are men," my complaint is that, when they begin to fight, the men are not men, but blurred and bewildering flashes of lightning. No man, however slick, in no saloon however wild, in no mountains however rocky, ever moved with that degree of celerity to do anything. I therefore cease to believe in the man altogether—as much as if his body had visibly burst in two and the sawdust run out. He may be quicker on the draw than any other man in Red Dog Canyon, but I will be shot if any man ever shot or hit as quickly as all that. The principle applies to every sort of shooting. In one of Mr. Belloc's satires there is an allusion to an aristocratic infant who was "three years old and shooting up like a young lily." It is just as if the film were to take this sort of swiftness literally, and show the heroine rapidly elongating like the neck of Alice in Wonderland. It is as if the Coming of Spring were represented on the film in a series of jerks and leaps, as in that famous legendary landscape in which the hedges are shooting and the bull rushes out. In growing more rapid it would grow less realistic; and, even if the bull does rush out, he must not rush ten times quicker than any bull is capable of rushing. We may well be content if he rushes about twice as quick as the quickest bull in the world. But we who sit watching these bloodless and blameless bull-fights do

not like to see the shattering of all conviction by mere confusion. We do like to fancy for a moment that we are looking at a real bull-fight; that we are contemplating a Spanish bull, and not merely an Irish bull.

It is but part of the modern malady—the incapacity for doing things without overdoing things. It is an incapacity to understand the ancient paradox of moderation. As the drunkard is the man who does not understand the delicate and exquisite moment when he is moderately and reasonably drunk, so the motorist and the motion-picture artist are people who do not understand the divine and dizzy moment when they really feel that things are moving. Some-

nature has written a speed limit in the nerves of the eye and the cells of the brain; and exceeding it, or even trying to exceed it, does not mean going to a prison, but to a madhouse.

To accelerate a machine so as to make Mr. Tom Mix or Mr. Douglas Fairbanks run a little faster than a man can really run produces a magnificent impression, a theatrical effect like a thunderclap. To make him run a little faster than that destroys the whole effect at a blow; it merely extinguishes the man and exposes the machine. There is a figure in one of Michael Angelo's frescoes in which the legs are somewhat lengthened so as to give an overwhelming impression of flying through the air. But if the legs had been extended indefinitely, like the two parallel straight lines that could never meet, if they had wandered away in two endless strips over the whole of the Sistine Chapel, they would not produce any impression of rushing or of anything else. But the modern sensationalist has no notion of effecting anything except by extending it; by tugging its nerves out telescopically like some form of Asiatic torture, and increasing the pleasures of man by interminably pulling his leg. And that is why some of us feel the presence of something stupid and even barbaric in all this progress and acceleration, because it is but the elongation of one line and the exaggeration of one idea.

Speed itself is a balance and a comparison, as we know when two railway trains are moving at the same rate and both seem to be standing still. So a whole society may seem to be standing still if it is only rushing unanimously in a mere routine; for, indeed, the whole society which we call mankind is for ever rushing on the round orbit of this earth about the sun, but rushing without any marked feeling of exhilaration. The extension of speed in area, as well as in degree, is a way of neutralising its full artistic effect. I have seen this error also on the films, when so many things are made to move and mix in the motion picture that it seems to be a whirlpool rather than a river. First it is all motion and no picture; and then it is not even motion because it is not even aim; and in all motion there must be the outline of motive. But I suppose that so very simple a blunder must have a rather subtle cause. Nothing is more curious, in the artistic history of mankind, than the obviousness of the things that were left out, compared with the cunning and intelligence of the things that were put in. It is a puzzle to understand how the splendid pagan poets of antiquity managed to get their effects with such few and vague ideas about colour, so that we do not always know whether they mean purple or blue or merely

bright. It is equally a puzzle how the magnificent mediæval craftsmen could not see that their figure-drawing was as bad as their colour scheme was beautiful. All ages leave out something which to other ages seems very simple and self-evident; and it seems as if this age would make itself a laughing-stock in turn to later times by not seeing the most obvious of all the psychological facts in aesthetics—the principle of contrast. It will have failed even to understand that the proverb of "more haste less speed" is none the less a truth because it is a "paradox," and that it applies to a great many other modern enterprises besides the enterprise of the film.

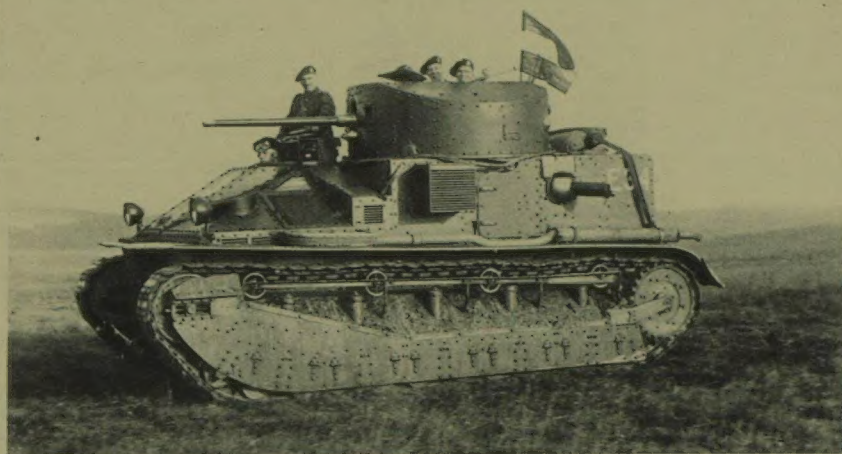


A FAMOUS BATTLE-PAINTER AND WAR ARTIST, LONG ASSOCIATED WITH THIS PAPER:
THE LATE MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE.

We have to record, with the greatest regret, the death of Mr. R. Caton Woodville, the distinguished battle-painter and illustrator, who was on the staff of "The Illustrated London News" for practically the whole of his working life. As a war artist, he ranked with the late Mr. Melton Prior and Mr. Frederick Villiers, and went through several campaigns, including the Turkish War of 1878 and the Egyptian War of 1882. For Queen Victoria he painted several pictures, such as "The Guards at Tel-el-Kebir" (1884), showing the Duke of Connaught forming his Brigade for attack. He accompanied the late Duke of Clarence on his Indian tour, and painted portraits of King Edward and King George. Some of his works are at Windsor Castle. Among his best battle-pictures were "Maiwand: Saving the Guns" and "The Cock o' the North" (Gordon Highlanders storming the Dargal Heights). During the Great War he painted "Hallowe'en, 1914"—the stand of the London Scottish on Messines Ridge. His art was much admired by professional soldiers for its accuracy in arms and uniforms, besides its dramatic vigour, and he has been called "the English Meissonier." He had exhibited at the Academy regularly since 1879. He was born in London in 1856, and claimed descent from a cousin of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV. His lively "Random Reminiscences" appeared in 1913.

times the drunkard and the motorist are blended in one perfect whole; and I disclaim all responsibility for the misuse of my jest about drunkenness, especially when it is combined with motoring. There comes a point at which speed stuns itself: and there is an unintentional truth in the exclamation of the radiant ass who declares that his new car is "simply stunning." If speed can thus devour itself even in real life, it need not be said that on the accelerated cinema it swallows itself alive with all the suicidal finality of the hero who jumped down his own throat. Cars on the film often go much too fast, not for the laws of New York or London, but for the laws of space and time. For

THE FIRST MECHANISED BRIGADE IN "ACTION": TANKS AND TRACTORS.



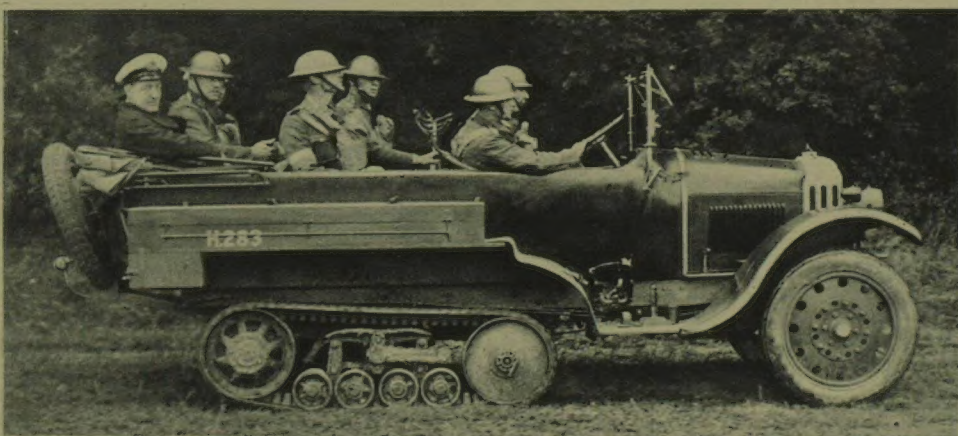
ONE OF THE LATEST HEAVY TANKS IN THE MECHANISED ARMY EXERCISES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A MONSTER WITH TURRET-GUN AND MACHINE-GUN.



THE ARTILLERY'S NEW TYPE OF "IRON HORSE": A "DRAGON" TRACTOR DRAWING A FIELD-GUN AND CARRYING THE GUN CREW.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE FOR A MECHANISED FORCE ON THE MOVE: AN "ENEMY" AEROPLANE UNDER FIRE WHILE ATTACKING THE COLUMN ON ITS WAY TO THE FRONT—AN INTERESTING INCIDENT IN THE MANŒUVRES OF THE FIRST MECHANISED ARMY BRIGADE ON SALISBURY PLAIN.



TESTING THE CROSS-COUNTRY CAPACITY OF THE "HALF-TRACK CATERPILLAR" CAR: A PARTY OF OFFICERS IN A VEHICLE OF THAT TYPE DURING THE MANŒUVRES.



AFTER A GAS ALARM: A LORRY-LOAD OF INFANTRY ALL WEARING GAS-MASKS, INCLUDING THE DRIVER.

As noted on our front page, the first fully mechanised brigade of the British Army began, on August 19, a period of intensive training on Salisbury Plain. There was an imposing seven-mile-long procession of more than two hundred mechanised vehicles, including forty-eight heavy tanks, with many others of various sizes, down to the little one- or two-seater tankettes. Besides the tanks, there were caterpillar tractors, known as "dragons," drawing four batteries of artillery. The largest type of track machine in the column, the Mark II. "dragon," draws an 18-pounder or a 60-pounder gun with equal ease. With an 18-pounder it also carries a crew of twelve gunners on its armour-plated deck, and 172 shells in its

hold. In addition, there were machine-guns, wireless telephone vans of the Signal Corps, and Royal Engineers in motor-driven lorries. One of the objects of the initial route march was to discover whether the vehicles known as "half-track" caterpillars would move better across open country than those fitted with six wheels. On the march a bombing attack by aeroplanes was met by gun and rifle fire, and at a signal that the "enemy" had released poison-gas the men speedily donned their gas-masks. Among the later operations of the Mechanised Force was a cross-country march by night, with the headlights of all but the leading vehicles extinguished.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MISS MILDRED DORAN.

Passenger in the American biplane (named after her) "Miss Doran," missing (at the time of writing) on a trans-Pacific flight from California to Hawaii. The first woman to go on a trans-ocean flight.



MR. ARTHUR GOEBEL.

Winner of £5000 prize offered by Mr. James Dole, for 2400-mile Pacific flight from Oakland, California, to Hawaii, in his aeroplane, the "Woolaroc."



MR. JOHN OLIVER.

(Died August 17.) Premier of British Columbia. Born in Derbyshire, 1856, and emigrated to Canada at fourteen. Farmer and landowner. First elected to B.C. Assembly, 1900.



SIR ERNEST HATCH.

(Died August 17.) Founder and Chairman of Hatch, Mansfield, and Co. Ex-M.P. (Conservative) for Gorton Division of Lancs. Treasurer and Chairman of University College Hospital.



MR. J. OGDEN ARMOUR.

(Died in London, August 16.) Formerly head of the famous Chicago meat-packing firm. Said to have lost much of his pre-war fortune, estimated at £30,000,000.



ANDREW SANDHAM, THE SURREY CRICKETER, RUEFULLY SURVEYS THE OVAL ON A DAY OF HIS "BENEFIT": RAIN PREVENTS PLAY IN THE SURREY V. YORKSHIRE MATCH.



THE IRISH POLITICIAN WHO SAVED THE FREE STATE GOVERNMENT BY ABSTENTION FROM VOTING ON THE "NO CONFIDENCE" DIVISION: MR. JOHN JINKS, MEMBER OF THE DAIL FOR SLIGO.



MR. THOMAS EDISON BROADCASTING "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB": THE FAMOUS AMERICAN INVENTOR'S RADIO DÉBUT, ON THE JUBILEE OF HIS INVENTION OF THE PHONOGRAPH.



PRESIDENT COOLIDGE AS A "RED INDIAN" CHIEF.

The President of the United States was recently initiated into the Sioux tribe of Indians, under the name of "Leading Eagle," their highest honour. He is seen in the head-dress presented by Princess Rosebud Yellow Robe.



THE RIGHT REV. J. V. MACMILLAN.

Appointed Suffragan Bishop of Dover. Archdeacon of Maidstone and Canon of Canterbury since 1921. An Army chaplain in the war. Vicar of Kew, 1916-21.



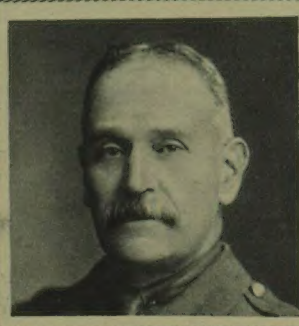
MR. J. D. MILNER, F.S.A.

(Died, August 15.) Director (since 1916) of the National Portrait Gallery, in which he spent his whole career. Born 1874. Joined staff at nineteen. Became Acting Assistant Keeper, 1896.



PROFESSOR HARVEY LITTLEJOHN.

(Died, August 16.) Professor of Forensic Medicine, Edinburgh University, for the last twenty-one years. Succeeded his father. Medical Officer, Sheffield, 1891-7.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL N. F. JENKINS.

Recently lost his life in a gallant effort to save a drowning girl at St. Leonards. Born 1860. Served in India, South Africa, and the Great War.



SIR GEORGE STRICKLAND, M.P.

Recently summoned to Malta to become the head of a new Ministry. M.P. (Conservative) for Lancaster. Has been Governor of the Leeward Islands, Tasmania, and Western Australia.

The "Miss Doran" was one of four machines in a 2400-mile race from Oakland, California, to Hawaii. Another, the "Golden Eagle," is also missing at the time of writing. The winner was the "Woolaroc" piloted by Mr. Arthur Goebel, and the "Aloha," piloted by Mr. Martin Jensen, was second.—Mr. John Oliver's death caused the cancellation of public functions arranged during the recent visit of the Prince of Wales and Prince George to British Columbia.—Sir Ernest Hatch had travelled widely, and took a special interest in South Africa and the Empire generally.—The body of Mr. J. Ogden Armour was taken back to the United States in the "Berengaria."—Rain prevented play at the Oval on

August 20, the first day of the Surrey v. Yorkshire match.—Mr. John Jinks, whose abstention from voting in the Dail, on the "no confidence" division, saved the Cosgrave Government, afterwards resigned from the National League Party (led by Captain Redmond). It was reported that he would sit as an Independent.—Mr. Thomas Edison recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of his invention of the phonograph.—Sir George Strickland, who is sixty-five, was born in Malta, is an authority on its history and constitution, and has been a member of the Legislative Assembly since 1921. He inherited the Maltese title of Count Della Cateni, but does not use it in England.

SACCO AND VANZETTI: CROWDS IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, AND FRANCE.



A LONDON CROWD INTERESTED IN THE CASE: THE "UNITED LABOUR DEMONSTRATION" AGAINST THE EXECUTION OF SACCO AND VANZETTI, HELD IN HYDE PARK.



AN AMERICAN CROWD KEPT AT A DISTANCE BY ROPES AND MOUNTED POLICE: A SCENE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CHARLESTOWN PRISON, BOSTON, U.S.A., WHERE SACCO AND VANZETTI WERE EXECUTED.



A PARISIAN CROWD DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE EXECUTION: FRENCH COMMUNISTS AT PRÉ ST. GERVAIS, WITH SPEAKERS STANDING IN A MODEL OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, AND PLACARDS HOSTILE TO THE AMERICAN LEGIONARIES VISITING PARIS.

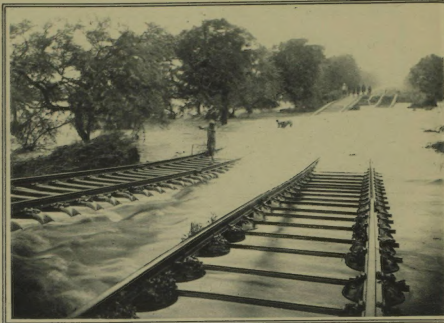
Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were executed in the electric chair at Charlestown Prison, Boston, Massachusetts, shortly after midnight on August 22. Their case aroused controversy in many parts of the world, and led to numerous outrages and demonstrations in various countries during the last six years. The crime for which the two men have paid the penalty was committed on April 15, 1920. Their trial began in May 1921, and they were found guilty of murder and sentenced to death on July 14 in that year. Since that date there has been a

succession of appeals and endeavours on behalf of sympathisers to procure a new trial. The recent history of these events is no doubt familiar to our readers. The London Labour demonstration illustrated above, not the first of its kind, took place in Hyde Park on Sunday, August 21. The police prevented a march to the United States Embassy. In view of the visit of the American Legion to Paris, it is interesting to observe the words of the central placard seen in the French photograph above, expressing hostility to the Legion.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST—PICTURESQUE SCENES AND NOTABLE EVENTS.



THE GREAT FLOODS IN WESTERN INDIA THAT CAUSED MANY DEATHS AND WIDESPREAD DAMAGE TO PROPERTY: THE RAILWAY STATION AT VISHVAMITRI, ON THE BARODA STATE LINE, UNDER SIX FEET OF WATER.



AN INDIAN RAILWAY FLOODED: A BREACH IN THE BOMBAY, BARODA, AND CENTRAL INDIA MAIN LINE, NEAR MIYAGAM IN KATHIAWAR, CUTTING OFF COMMUNICATION WITH GUJARAT.



AN AQUATIC TILTING CONTEST IN WHICH THE VANQUISHED GETS A DUCKING: GERMAN FISHERMEN IN FANCY COSTUME TAKING PART IN AN OLD-TIME WATER TOURNAMENT AT ULM, ON THE DANUBE.



THE EMBLEM OF A GERMAN GUILD OF LOCKSMITHS: A GIANT KEY IN A PROCESSION AT ULM, ON THE OCCASION OF THE WATER TOURNAMENT.



THE DUTCH AEROPLANE CRASH, NEAR SEVENOAKS, IN WHICH THE MECHANIC WAS KILLED, BUT THE PILOT AND NINE PASSENGERS HAD A WONDERFUL ESCAPE: THE WRECKED MACHINE, SHOWING THE TREES THAT BROKE ITS FALL.

Floods caused by heavy rains recently devastated several parts of India, especially Baroda, Kathiawar, and Gujarat in the west, and Bengal in the east. Many people have been drowned and thousands rendered homeless through the collapse of houses, while immense damage has been done to crops and cattle. There were about forty deaths in the city of Baroda, and sixty more in the country round, while 2500 families lost their homes. In Ahmedabad nearly 6000 houses collapsed.—The fishermen's water tournament at Ulm is said to have been instituted in 1498, and to have taken place annually ever since. The competitors are armed with long, flat-tipped poles, with which they try to push each other into the water, and the winner is the one who remains upright the longest.—The crash of a Dutch aeroplane near Sevenoaks just after leaving Croydon, on August 22, was due to the tail-fin breaking in mid-air and carrying away part of the rudder, thus putting the machine out of control at a height of 1000 ft. The pilot skilfully avoided a spin, and two trees lessened



THE PILOT AT THE REMAINS OF HIS CABIN: MR. EVERT VAN DYK BESIDE THE WRECK.



NEW CURRENCY FOR PALESTINE ARRIVING (FROM LONDON) AT JERUSALEM: GENDARMES AND POLICE, OUTSIDE THE STATION, GUARDING CARS CONTAINING COINS TO THE VALUE OF £450,000.



A SHOP AGAINST THE WALLS OF A CITY CHURCH: MRS. ANNIE PRIDE SERVING CLERKS WITH FRUIT AND SWEETS THROUGH THE RAILINGS OF THE DUTCH CHURCH IN AUSTIN FRIARS.



A HISTORIC WELSH HOUSE OFFERED FOR PRESERVATION TO THE TOWN OF LLANGOLLEN BY THE EARL OF TANKERVILLE: PLAS NEWYDD, THE FAMOUS OAK-TIMBERED HOME OF THE "LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN" (LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND THE HON. MISS PONSONBY) AND THE SCENE OF SCOTT'S NOVEL "THE BETROTHED."



THE JAPANESE COUNTERPART OF THE "LANCASHIRE LASS": A PICTURESQUE MEETING OF GIRLS FROM A JAPANESE COTTON MILL, ON STRIKE, AND CARRYING PLACARDS.



PRAYERS FOR NATIONAL PROSPERITY AFTER BATHING IN A POOL AT A TOKYO PARK: MEMBERS OF THE KENKOKUKAI, A JAPANESE CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.

the shock of the fall. In spite of occasional accidents, less frequent than in motoring, air travel is becoming safer. Imperial Airways machines, for example, have in the last two years and eight months flown over two million miles and carried 38,000 passengers without any accident involving injury to a passenger and was guarded by British gendarmes and local police. The quantity was 75 tons of silver, nickel, and bronze currency, which amounted to £450,000 sterling. This Palestine currency will supersede the Egyptian, which has been used there since the war. The 1500 cases were brought from London direct to Haifa by ship, and thence conveyed to Jerusalem by rail.—Plas Newydd is covered with decoration inside and out. The "Ladies of Llangollen," who entertained many celebrities there, used to ask each guest, on a second visit, to bring a panel of carved oak as a memento. Scott visited them at Plas Newydd in 1825.

Miracles of the Sea — and a Riddle.

"SEA ESCAPES AND ADVENTURES" AND "A GREAT SEA MYSTERY."*

THERE are amazing things in "Sea Escapes and Adventures" and "A Great Sea Mystery," happenings so strange, so grim, so gruesome and so distant as to be almost unimaginable. Many of them could not be in this century of huge ships and steam and wireless: they are of the era of bellying sails and inefficient auxiliaries, of the age of isolation and of incalculable months of voyaging. Others, more modern, owe their enthralling interest to abnormal conditions.

In the latter class are those in which were concerned Captain Scott's *Terra Nova*, which made what Mr. Cherry-Garrard called with reason "the worst journey in the world"; the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's liner *Ortega*, whose captain took her through the submerged rocks and shoals of the almost-uncharted Nelson's Strait and so saved her from capture by the Germans; Sir Ernest Shackleton's *Endurance*, whose loss in the ice of the Antarctic led to the heroic making of Elephant Island and the equally epic dash for South Georgia; and Hawker and Grieve's aeroplane *Atlantic*, which, flown from Newfoundland in the first British attempt to achieve the Transatlantic flight, was brought down in the ocean near the tramp steamer *Mary* when Death seemed to have pilot and navigator in his grip.

The former date from 1765 to 1889; and they reveal not only notable occurrences, but conditions well-nigh forgotten. Take the case of the sloop *Peggy*, which sailed from Fayal, in the Azores, for New York, on Oct. 24, 1765, and was so sorely buffeted in bad weather that she was blown helplessly along at the mercy of the tempest. Food and water began to run short, and the daily allowance for each man was curtailed to a quarter of a pound of biscuit, a pint of wine from the cargo, and a quart of water.

"In the middle of the eighteenth century, it must be remembered, seamen were still vilely fed. Their staple diet consisted of biscuit, invariably referred to as 'bread,' which soon became mouldy and infested with weevils. . . . At the time of the *Peggy's* voyage, moreover, the only method of preserving meat was by salting it down in casks, which rendered it so tough, unpalatable and stringy that it had to be boiled for many hours before consumption. On occasions it was even made use of for stopping leaks in the seams. The water, too, was stored in casks instead of in tanks, and rapidly became evil-smelling and nauseating as a beverage." Before they were saved by the *Susannah*, on Jan. 30th, the *Peggy's* complement had eaten their two tame pigeons, the cat, barnacles scraped from the ship's side, candles, oil, and the leather from the pumps and from their jacket-buttons: more terrible still, they had turned cannibal, drawing lots as to who should be the victims. The details are nauseating, but they are valuable as showing to what extremity a famishing man may come.

It was much the same with certain survivors of the yacht *Mignonette*, which went down in 1884. The crew—the captain, two sailors, and a boy—took to the 14-ft. dinghy. " . . . mustering their resources, they found they had no water whatever, and only two one-pound tins of preserved turnips by way of food." On the fourth day a sleeping turtle was picked out of the sea; on the sixteenth there was a talk of drawing lots, the boy ignorant of the discussion and one of the seamen refusing to take part in it; on the nineteenth the boy was killed. More need not be said; save that in due time the rescued survivors, who, believing themselves justified, had made no secret of their dreadful doings, were charged with murder on the high seas. The seaman who had been passive was acquitted; the others were committed for trial and eventually, arraigned before the Lord Chief Justice and a special bench of judges, were condemned to death, a sentence afterwards respited during her Majesty's pleasure and then reduced to six months' imprisonment without hard labour, a term with which many were not in agreement, arguing that the prisoners should have been set free.

So much for the grisly. Let us turn to the heroic. Here we have the immortal story of the troop-ship *Sarah Sands*, which was found to be on fire on Nov. 7, 1857;

a story of superb bravery, individual and collective. "It was remembered that the regimental colours [the West Norfolk] were still secured in position against a bulkhead in the saloon, where they had been placed for safety during the voyage. Regardless of the danger, two young military officers, Lieutenants Houston and Hughes, at once dashed into the inferno in a gallant attempt to save them, but were driven back, half-suffocated by the fumes. One of the ship's quartermasters, a man named Richmond, thereupon wrapped a wet towel round his mouth and nostrils, and, arming himself with an axe, groped his way into the saloon, and succeeded in cutting the colours down. But he also was overcome, and fainted before reaching the entrance. Private Wiles next entered, and succeeded in dragging Richmond and the colours into safety. These same silken flags now hang in Norwich Cathedral. . . . There came a thundering report and a heavy shock which flung the men prostrate, and hurled a shower of blazing timbers and debris high into the air. The ship trembled violently and seemed to settle by the stern. Her foundering seemed only a matter of minutes, but in spite of the dire

Here is the problem.

On Dec. 5, 1872, the *Dei Gratia* (Captain Morehouse), then in latitude 37.17 N., longitude 18.20 W., about a hundred and thirty miles off the coast of Portugal, sighted a brig which did not reply to signals, but went her way erratically, with all sails set. The commander of the *Dei Gratia*, overhauling her, recognised her as the *Mary Celeste*, which he had last seen when she was putting to sea at New York. Something was evidently amiss; and Morehouse sent his second mate to board her. She had been abandoned. Yet she was well-found and undamaged. "Her hull, masts and yards were in good condition; her cargo, which apparently consisted of a number of barrels of alcohol, was properly stowed and in apple-pie order; and there was no lack of food or water. . . . It was as though the men of the *Mary Celeste* had been pursuing their usual routine when, by some strange agency, they had been spirited away." The seamen's chests were untouched, garments were hanging out to dry on a line, a harmonium had evidently been in recent use, as had a sewing-machine—the captain's wife and child had sailed with him—the mate had left behind an unfinished letter to his wife, the captain's watch was hanging from a lamp bracket over his table, trinkets had not been taken away, berths had been made up, and on a table was a slate containing notes for the log and showing November 25 as the date for the last entry.

With the exception of the log-book, the ship's papers were missing, and the captain's chronometer had gone.

From whatever cause, the exodus had been astonishingly hurried.

Of sinister signs there were none, save a displaced hatch over the hold, a few spots of what might have been blood, an axe-cut near the starboard topgallant rail, and a cutlass whose blade seemed to have been smeared with blood and then wiped, but whose stains were afterwards proved to be rust. Curiosity was aroused, however, by a narrow strip, between six and seven feet long, cut away from the edge of an outer plank on either side of the bows of the ship, two or three feet above the water-line.

What material for a detective story! Can there be wonder that many have sought to solve the secret of the *Mary Celeste*, to determine why she was abandoned and how, and what became of those aboard her?

Legend followed legend, and as the tales multiplied

they grew in ingenuity if not in precision.

"J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement," published in the *Cornhill* in January, 1884, was a wondrous affair of "suicide" and sudden death, a surprise voyage to Africa, a march to a native village, and the ear of a stone idol. Conan Doyle wrote it, and it appeared afterwards in his volume of short stories, "The Captain of the *Polestar*!"

Then came "solutions" which allowed for the kidnapping of the *Mary Celeste's* crew by a mysterious ship whose own company had been reduced by death in the engine-room and by poison; for the impressment of the crew by a pirate; for wholesale murder and the suicide by drowning of the madman who had killed his fellows and thrown them into the sea; and for a submarine explosion causing a noxious gas which drove all aboard the brig to jump into the water.

More pretentious were the offerings of Abel Fosdyk, by way of Mr. Howard Linford, and of John Pemberton, by way of Mr. Lee Kaye.

The first made much of a fantastic challenge which led to a full-dress swim round the ship and a watery grave for all aboard, and accounted in peculiarly novel manner for the baffling bow-marks; the second called accident, suicide, desertion and conspiracy to its aid.

Mr. Lockhart disposes of all this, and, as he claims, his solution "covers all the facts without overstraining our sense of probability." To detail it would be unfair to an entertaining book. Let it suffice to say that it gives most plausible reason for the hurried abandonment and describes how that abandonment must have taken place. The riddle still unravelled is that of the fate of the captain, his wife, his child, and the crew. That is not likely to be answered until the sea gives up its dead.

E. H. G.



THE FASTEST SHIP IN THE BRITISH NAVY: THE NEW CRUISER "CORNWALL" ON HER WAY TO UNDERGO TRIALS OFF PLYMOUTH.

peril the splendid discipline and courage of the troops never forsook them. There was no panic-stricken rush to save their lives. Like the heroes of the *Birkenhead* five years before, they fell in quietly on deck with their officers, waiting for orders to take the boats, or for the ship's final plunge which would find them struggling for their lives in that shark-infested sea. . . . Bathed in the unearthly brilliance, we can picture those ranks of red-coated soldiers fallen in on the heaving deck as though on parade in some barrack-square in England."

In the same spirit Lieutenant Edward Riou, R.N., stuck to his ship, the sloop *Guardian*, until "by the merciful intervention of Providence, and the fortitude and perseverance of the commander, this vessel was preserved, after encountering almost unparalleled dangers, and experiencing one of the most miraculous escapes recorded in the history of this or any other country." In the same spirit Captain Samuel Hood brought the *Juno* out of Toulon Harbour, which he had entered in the darkness without knowing that the enemy were in possession; and the unlucky, unimaginative, but brave John Ross nailed his colours to the mast of the *Victory* during the ill-fated expedition whose only success was the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole by the more enterprising James Ross, his nephew, who built a cairn there, planted the British flag, deposited a canister containing a record of the event, and took possession of the Magnetic Pole and the territory adjoining "in the name of Great Britain and King William IV."

Of such are the "Sea Escapes and Adventures" of "Taffrail's" title; and they are well worth the recording: none can read of them without renewing their pride in those that go down to the sea in ships.

From them we turn to that great mystery of the sea, the abandonment of the *Mary Celeste*, whose true story most will agree Mr. Lockhart has fathomed.

* "Sea Escapes and Adventures." By "Taffrail" (Commander Taprell Dorling, D.S.O., R.N.). (Philip Allan and Co.; 6s. 6d. net.)

"A Great Sea Mystery: The True Story of the 'Mary Celeste.'" By J. G. Lockhart. (Philip Allan and Co.; 6s. net.)

ONE CONSTANT FACTOR IN CHANGING CHINA: DAILY LIFE—TYPICAL SCENES.



1. IN HANGCHOW, CAPITAL OF CHEKIANG (THE NATIVE PROVINCE OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK, WHOSE DEFEATED TROOPS FLOCKED TO SHANGHAI): A GROUP OF PALANQUINS.



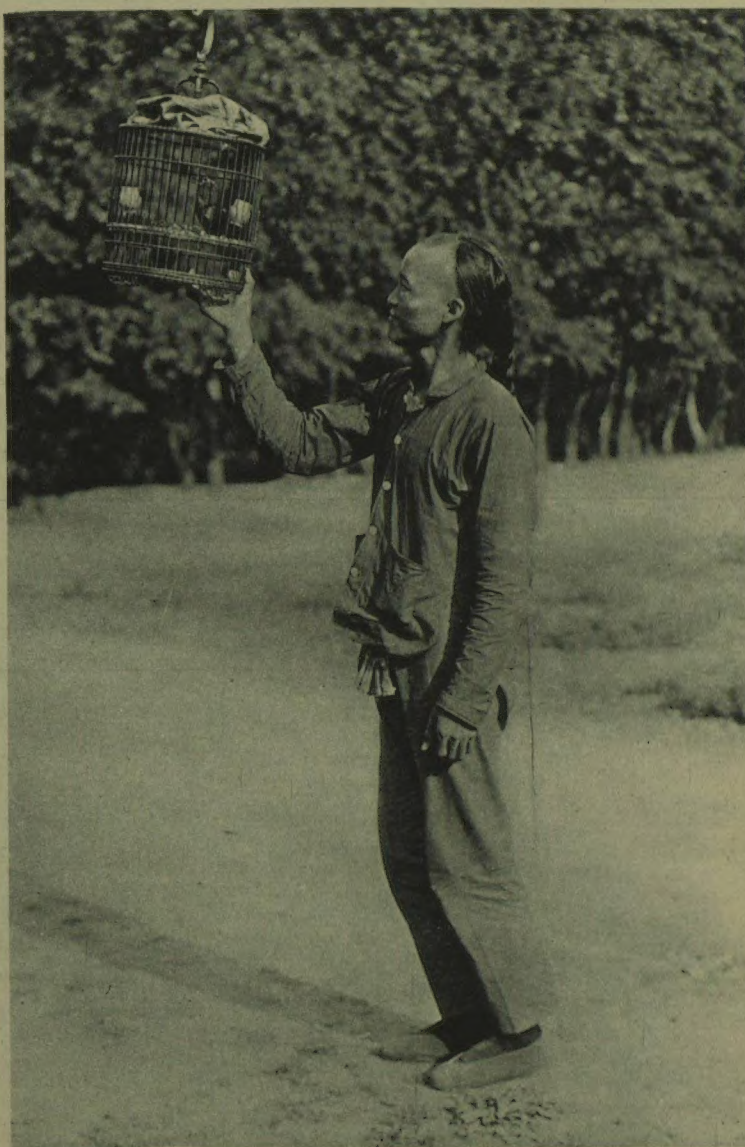
2. CHINA'S RISING GENERATION: TYPES OF MODERN CHILDREN, FREED FROM THE OLD CUSTOMS OF FOOT-BINDING FOR GIRLS AND "PIG-TAILS" FOR BOYS.



3. A STREET FORTUNE-TELLER AT HIS TABLE, COUNTING HIS DIVINING-STICKS AND AWAITING CUSTOM: AN OCCUPATION COMBINED WITH MEDICINE-SELLING AS A "SIDE-LINE."



4. A VENDOR OF SHANCHA (CANDIED PEARS STUCK ON SKEWERS): A SCENE IN THE BLEAK NORTH OF CHINA, WITH A GIRL CUSTOMER SHIVERING.



5. A CHINESE BIRD-FANCIER HOLDING ALOFT A CAGED HUANGMEN (A KIND OF SKYLARK) TO MAKE IT SING: A POPULAR SUBURBAN PASTIME IN CHINA.

While the political and military situation in China fluctuates from day to day, the daily life of the people goes on much the same as heretofore, with certain modifications due to the spread of modern ideas, especially in regard to women and children. These interesting photographs indicate the homely background against which the drama of war and intrigue is being played. The notes accompanying them are as follows: "(1) A group of palanquins in the walled city of Hangchow, an old town and capital of Chekiang Province. (2) Chinese girls usually wear clothes of red or printed cotton. In the more modernised parts, such as foreign concessions or great marts, the queue (for boys) and foot-binding (for girls) are

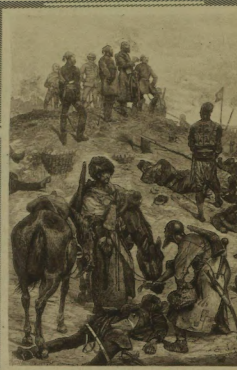
almost completely eradicated. (3) In China, many a fortune-teller is seen leisurely counting divining-sticks on the road-side. They sell medicines as a by-business. (4) *Shancha* is a kind of pear. Candied fruits of *shancha* are a great favourite among the Chinese children. They are two *sen* for each small skewer, and four *sen* for a big one. This picture shows a lassie who has just got her skewer, shivering in the bleak air of North China. (5) The Chinese are adepts at taming small birds, *huangmen*—a kind of skylark—being the greatest favourite. Of a spring morning they gather in the suburbs, each holding aloft a cage or two towards the sky, and vie with each other in making the birds warble."

THE ART OF R. CATON WOODVILLE: TYPICAL WAR ILLUSTRATIONS BY "THE ENGLISH MEISSONIER."

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



1. MR. CATON WOODVILLE'S FIRST BATTLE PICTURE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": "THE WAR IN ARMENIA: BATTLE OF KIZIL-TEPE, 25 AUGUST, 1877"—AN ACTION IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.



2. "AFTER AN ASSAULT ON THE REDOUBT AT PLEVNA": A DRAWING PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 27, 1877.



3. "BUSH-FIGHTING WITH THE KAFIRS": A DRAWING THAT APPEARED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 6, 1878.



4. "THE IMPENDING AFGHAN WAR: MEETING OF AFREELIS IN THE KHYBER PASS": AN ILLUSTRATION FROM OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 12, 1878.



5. "THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR": A HISTORIC BATTLE-SCENE BY THE LATE MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, DRAWN FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS DURING THE EGYPTIAN WAR, AND PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1882—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S DRAMATIC STYLE.



6. "MAFEKING": THE RECAPTURE OF A FORT ON THE DAY THE RELIEF FORCE ARRIVED: A DRAWING FROM OUR SPECIAL NUMBER, "THE TRANSVAAL WAR, 1899-1900."



7. "PAARDEBERG": THE SCENE OF CRONJE'S SURRENDER ON FEBRUARY 27, 1900, AFTER BOMBARDMENT OF HIS POSITION ON THE MODDER—A DRAWING PUBLISHED IN OUR "TRANSVAAL WAR" NUMBER.



8. "BEFORE LADYSMITH: HORSE ARTILLERY RUSHING TO TAKE UP A NEW POSITION": A DRAWING OF AN INCIDENT IN THE TRANSVAAL WAR, FROM OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 9, 1899.



9. THE FIRST DRAWING OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN BATTLE IN THE GREAT WAR: "FIELD ARTILLERY CALLOPING TO ACTION ALONG THE ROAD TO MONS"—FROM OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 29, 1914.



10. THE SAME SUBJECT AS THAT OF MR. CATON WOODVILLE'S PICTURE IN THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY: "THE LONDON SCOTTISH REFORMING AT MESSINES UNDER A TERRIBLE FIRE"—A DRAWING FROM OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 14, 1914.



11. "THE GARRISON OF A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN BLOCKHOUSE SURRENDERING TO BRITISH TROOPS": AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT WAR—FROM A DRAWING IN OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 29, 1917.

The tragic death of Mr. R. Caton Woodville, of whose career we give a summary on page 326, removed the last of the famous war artists of the older school. As we have noted, he has been called "the English Meissonier," and his work won the admiration of soldiers for its vigour and accuracy. We reproduce above typical examples that have appeared in our pages at various times from 1877 onwards. In connection with some of them a few notes of further explanation were given by the artist. Thus, in No. 1, the Turkish forces are seen in the foreground, and the Russian gun positions in the middle distance. No. 6 has the following sub-title: "On the morning the relief force arrived, Commandant Eloff, after capturing a fort within the British lines, was surrounded

and taken prisoner by the Mafeking garrison." A note on No. 7 states: "On Feb. 17 (1900) Cronje's force was surrounded at Paardeberg, where the Boer general had strongly entrenched himself on the steep banks of the Modder River. On Feb. 27, after a furious bombardment and the burning of his laager, he surrendered with 4000 men to Lord Roberts." No. 9 was drawn from a sketch by a correspondent at the front. No. 10 illustrates the same subject as that of Mr. Caton Woodville's last Academy picture, which was exhibited this year, under the title—"Halloween, 1914": Stand of the London Scottish at Messines Ridge, 31 Oct.—1 Nov., 1914.

THE PROBLEM OF THE CRIMINAL'S PUNISHMENT: A FRENCH SOLUTION—THE PENAL COLONY OF GUIANA.



THE TOWN CRIER OF CAYENNE: AN EX-CONVICT WHO, AFTER HAVING SERVED HIS SENTENCE AT THE PENAL COLONY IN FRENCH GUIANA, IS REMAINING IN THE COUNTRY.



CONVICT LIFE IN FRENCH GUIANA: A TYPICAL SCENE IN A DORMITORY OF ONE OF THE PRISONS IN THE PENAL COLONY.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH DREYFUS SPENT MOST OF HIS TERM OF IMPRISONMENT ON DEVIL'S ISLAND: BUILDINGS ASSOCIATED WITH A HISTORIC CASE.



PRISON DRESS REDUCED TO A MINIMUM UNDER A TROPICAL SUN: FRENCH CONVICTS IN THE GUIANA PENAL COLONY ENGAGED IN ONE OF THEIR TASKS.



A CONVICT-DRIVEN TRAIN, WITH LOGS AS FUEL FOR THE ENGINE: A SCENE ON THE ONLY RAILWAY IN FRENCH GUIANA.



A RELIGIOUS ORDER IN FRENCH GUIANA: SISTERS OF ST. PAUL DE CHARTRES IN THEIR CONVENT CHAPEL—A COMMUNITY ESTABLISHED 200 YEARS, WITH NOW ONLY NINE SURVIVORS.



A NATURAL BARRIER TO THE ESCAPE OF CONVICTS: AN INUNDATED FOREST TRAIL IN FRENCH GUIANA—SHOWING MR. ROBERT NILES (WITH BACK TO CAMERA), WHO TOOK THESE PHOTOGRAPHS.



WITH A PET FROG PERCHED ON TOP OF HIS HAT: AN OLD FRENCH CONVICT IN THE PENAL COLONY OF GUIANA AND HIS STRANGE COMPANION IN CAPTIVITY.

The question of the treatment and punishment of criminals has lately been prominent in connection with the case of Sacco and Vanzetti in the United States, but it is a problem with which every nation is perennially confronted. The use of British colonial possessions for convict settlements, as formerly at Botany Bay and Sydney, has long been abandoned, and no criminals have been sent to New South Wales since 1840. France, however, still continues the transportation system, and these photographs afford an unusual opportunity for seeing something of its working conditions. They were taken recently by two American travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Niles jun., in French Guiana, where, it is stated, over 7000 French convicts are now kept, both on the mainland and on the three islands off the coast, a group known as the Iles du Salut. They consist of Devil's Island, used for political offenders, and famous as the place

where Captain Dreyfus was incarcerated; the island of Royale, for incorrigibles; and Joseph Island, described as "the island of punishment, of solitary confinement, and night and day surveillance." Describing French penal institutions, the current "Statesman's Year Book" says: "All persons condemned to hard labour and many condemned to 'reclusion' are sent to Guiana (military and *récidivistes*) . . . Since 1885, Cayenne (the chief town) has had a penal settlement for habitual criminals (*récidivistes*) and convicts sentenced to hard labour. On December 31, 1925, the penal population consisted of 6500. . . . The penal settlement has three schools with 208 pupils." France also has a penal settlement at Nou Island, in the Australasian group known as New Caledonia. Since 1896, however, no convicts have been sent thither, and the convict element in the population is quickly decreasing."

IN THE MAELSTROM OF LONDON TRAFFIC: THE PEDESTRIAN,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

FOR WHOSE SAFETY NEW PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



AT A BUSY STREET CROSSING IN LONDON: A WHITE-GLOVED POLICEMAN ON POINT DUTY

The traffic problem in London still remains acute, and just at present it has been intensified, in the heart of the West End, by the re-paving of Piccadilly, and in the City by the recent subsidence in Cernhill. On the other hand, considerable relief from congestion will be obtained, at another point, by the removal (recently commenced) of the "bottle-neck" in the Strand, caused by old buildings jutting out between Adam Street and the Hotel Cecil. The effect will be to give the Strand an equal width from Wellington Street to the Tivoli Theatre, and the total cost of widening that section will then have exceeded £1,000,000. The widening of the section between the Tivoli Theatre and Charing Cross Station must remain in abeyance until a decision is reached as to the proposed

HOLDING UP THE TRAFFIC FOR A QUEUE OF PEDESTRIANS AND REPLYING TO QUESTIONS.

new Charing Cross Bridge. In London generally the lot of the pedestrian is not an enviable one, and has not been made easier by the adoption of the gyratory system and one-way traffic at certain points. A few days ago, however, the Minister of Transport announced new precautions for the safety of pedestrians in Piccadilly Circus, the Haymarket, and neighbouring streets, in the form of signs (similar to those in Parliament Square) specifying fixed crossing places at sixteen points, and at the chief crossings two parallel white lines painted across the carriage-way, with the words "Look right," or "Look left," as required. Bus-drivers have been instructed to take special care at these points. Similar signs are to be placed in Trafalgar Square and Oxford Street.



HARLECH CASTLE AS A STately SETTING FOR A PAGEANT OF WELSH HISTORY: A SCENE FROM THE EPISODE "MARGARET OF ANJOU," REPRESENTING AN INCIDENT DURING THE SIEGE IN THE WARS OF THE ROSES.



ONE OF THE GERMAN MACHINES DRIVEN BACK BY BAD WEATHER FROM AN ATTEMPTED ATLANTIC FLIGHT: THE "EUROPA" DAMAGED BY A FORCED LANDING ON HER RETURN TO BREMEN.



TURNING A PAGE IN THE "BOOK OF LIFE": A YOUNG SOLDIER OF THE BUFFS PERFORMING A DAILY CEREMONY AT THE REGIMENTAL ROLL OF HONOUR IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



THE COLLINS AND GRIFFITH COMMEMORATION AT LEINSTER LAWN, DUBLIN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION OF ARMOURD CARS PASSING THE CENOTAPH ON AUGUST 21.



THE DERAILMENT OF THE MARGATE EXPRESS: A REMARKABLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR MAIDSTONE, BELIEVED TO BE DUE TO A SUBSIDENCE CAUSED BY RAIN.

Harlech Castle formed a splendid setting for the Pageant of Welsh History produced there on August 17-20. One of the nine episodes represented Margaret of Anjou (consort of Henry VI.) taking refuge there with her son Prince Edward during the Wars of the Roses, when the castle was besieged by the Earl of Pembroke. The "March of the Men of Harlech" is said to have originated from that event.—An express from London to Margate was derailed on August 20, between Bearsted and Hollingbourn, near Maidstone. The Southern Railway stated: "It is thought that a subsidence of the track was caused by the heavy rain, but this has not yet been definitely ascertained. Nobody was hurt."—Two Junkers monoplanes, the "Europa" and "Bremen," started from Germany on August 14 to fly the Atlantic, but both were driven back by bad



THE BURIAL OF A GREAT AMERICAN "PRO-CONSUL": THE COFFIN OF GEN. WOOD, GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, ON A GUN-CARRIAGE ARRIVING AT ARLINGTON.

weather. The "Europa" made a forced landing in the dark at Bremen, and the under-carriage was damaged, but the occupants escaped unhurt.—In the Chapel of St. Michael (the "Warriors' Chapel") of Canterbury Cathedral is daily performed an interesting little ceremony. In it is the "Book of Life," or Roll of Honour of the East Kent Regiment (the Buffs), containing 6500 names. Every day a young soldier is deputed to unlock the lectern and turn over a fresh page. This custom, originally instituted to prevent one page becoming exceptionally discoloured by light, has become a pious duty, much prized by the men, who are chosen for it for good conduct.—The body of General Leonard Wood, Governor of the Philippines, who died there recently, was brought home to the United States and buried at Arlington Cemetery with full military honours.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AUGUST is the month of light reading. The holiday mood demands a hammock or a deck-chair, with a novel or a magazine, that pleasantly engages the attention without over-taxing the brain. Some enjoy (weather permitting) —

A book of verses underneath the bough with all its traditional accessories; but most holiday readers, I fancy, prefer a "gripping" tale of love or mystery, especially one that contains a thoroughly satisfactory murder. What did people read, I wonder, in the old days before the advent of "best-sellers" and detective fiction?

A full answer to the question is provided in "THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS": Chapters on the Growth of the English Novel. By the Right Hon. Lord Ernle, P.C., etc., M.P. for the University of Oxford, 1914-1919; President of the Board of Agriculture, 1916-1919. (Hutchinson; 15s.). I quoted a short extract from this book a few weeks ago, in an article concerned with the Middle Ages, promising to return to it later, as its interest is not confined to mediæval romance. It deals also with the fiction of antiquity (the Greek prose romances and the Latin tales of Petronius and Apuleius); with that of Tudor, Elizabethan, and Stuart times; with the great pioneers of the modern novel—Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding—and their successors; and with the new era of historical romance inaugurated by Scott.

Lord Ernle tells us that the title and sub-title of his book are taken from two articles which he published anonymously in 1886, and that it represents half a century of reading. Other occupations prevented his publishing it before, and now, he modestly says, its claim to novelty has been forestalled by many writers, notably by the late Sir Walter Raleigh with "The English Novel." Speaking from memory of that book however, I should say that Lord Ernle has covered a

make it representative of all businesses, membership was limited to one man from each. "The original meetings were held in 'rotation' at the different places of business of the members—hence the name of Rotary." The idea of Rotary as a social philosophy developed later, and took shape in the Rotary Platform of 1911, which concluded with two sentences: "Service is the basis of all business," and "He profits most who serves best."

Mr. Galsworthy sees in Rotary one of the few international influences which may save civilisation from being destroyed by another war. "Governments and peoples," he writes, "are no longer in charge. Our fate is really in the hands of the three great powers—Science, Finance, and the Press. . . . The world's hope lies with them: in the possibility of their being able to institute a sort of craftsman's trusteeship for mankind."

The welfare of the individual is the purpose of "GOOD HEALTH AND HAPPINESS": A New Science of Life. By J. Ellis Barker. With introduction by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., F.R.C.S. (Murray; 7s. 6d.). The author made a stir with his previous work on the cause and prevention of cancer, and his new book proceeds on similar lines. "I intend to prove," he writes, "that ninety per cent. of our health troubles and maladies are avoidable." They are mostly due, he contends, to faulty diet and ways of living. His book is an amplified plea for moderation and the simple life, supported by medical evidence. It is not free from repetition (one may open it almost at random to find the dictum of Hippocrates that "Nature is the curer of diseases"), but then, as advertisers know, the best way to hammer a fact home is a certain amount of "damnable iteration."

Sir Arbuthnot Lane gives the author a handsome testimonial. "There is nothing like it," he says, "in any language. His work is a very important addition to medical literature. . . . If we live in accordance

from which it springs. . . . Art exists for the pleasure and not for the discipline of man."

This brings me to a little coterie of books on various artistic subjects, of which the most important is "FLEMISH ART": A Critical Survey. By Roger Fry. With thirty-two illustrations (Chatto and Windus; 6s.). Here we have the best memento of the great Flemish Exhibition held last spring at Burlington House, in the form of an authoritative essay by a leading critic (embodying his lecture at the Queen's Hall on March 24), well printed, and enriched by excellent reproductions of pictures. No one can read Mr. Fry's distinctive and clearly reasoned criticism without obtaining a definite insight into the general principles of art, and the particular qualities of the Flemish School.

Apart from the value of his essay as a critical appreciation, Mr. Fry also has the rare charm of literary style. In these days of slapdash writing, it is a real treat to come across an artist in prose, with a sense of point and balance, and an ear for the right words in the right order. One little mannerism he has, however, that pains me very much—the spelling "esthetic" for "aesthetic." Very soon we shall have people pronouncing it "ez-zthetic," regardless of diphthongs. It must needs be that such corruptions come, but why expedite the process?

I am about to commit a worse literary crime, by using a threadbare tag of immemorial antiquity; but to say that it "supplies a long-felt want" is really the only thing to say of "WHO'S WHO IN ART": Being a Series of Alphabetically Arranged Biographies of the Leading Men and Women in the World of Art To-Day. Volume I. Compiled by the Publishers and Edited by Bernard Dolman, Editor of the *Art Trade Journal* (The Art Trade Press; 10s. 6d.). As a person "connected with the Press" for many years, I have often had cause to deplore the lack of such a work of reference, and,



AN UNPRECEDENTED ADDITION TO THE SIGHTS OF LONDON: OMNIBUSES PASSING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, BY CONSENT OF THE KING, ON THE TEMPORARY ROUTE BY CONSTITUTION HILL AND THE MALL NECESSITATED BY THE ROAD WORK IN PICCADILLY.

The unprecedented sight of buses passing Buckingham Palace was seen for the first time on August 17, when a new section of Piccadilly was taken up by the road-menders, causing further diversion of traffic. As announced by the Minister of Transport, it was arranged, with the King's consent, that heavy vehicles should use Constitution Hill and the Mall as far as Marlborough Gate. A speed limit of six miles an hour was imposed for them, as these roads were not constructed for heavy traffic. West-bound buses stop near the foot of Constitution Hill, close to the northern corner of the Palace, and those east-bound on the north side of the Victoria Memorial. The repaving of Piccadilly is expected to be finished in three months.

good deal more ground, and in any case his own work is a delightful study well able to stand on its own merits.

Those austere persons who consider novel-reading a waste of time get no support from Lord Ernle. "Novelists," he writes, "have opened new casements in the minds of multitudes of readers, widened their horizons, enlarged their outlook. . . . In these pages are preserved the dress, manners, habits, thoughts, and ideals of successive generations, and never has the record been presented with such artistic finish, skill in technique, and completeness as in the novels of the last thirty years." As to the future form of the novel: "Change is life. It must express from age to age the varying needs of society. . . . The prose fiction of the twentieth century and of the eighteenth are as dissimilar as are the conventional dress-clothes of Mr. John Galsworthy and the ratteen coat, bloom-coloured breeches, and silk stockings of Oliver Goldsmith. With rare exceptions, the light reading of one generation becomes the heavy reading of the next."

Mr. Galsworthy's novels and plays are a medium for his criticism of society. Occasionally he discards the medium and speaks with his own voice, as in his introduction to "THE MEANING OF ROTARY." By a Rotarian. With Portrait of the Founder. Published for Rotary International (Percy Lund, Humphries, and Co.; 3s. 6d.). This little book describes the origin and purpose of the famous American club system which has ramified throughout the world and become an institution making for peace and goodwill. Its aim is, briefly, to apply the Golden Rule to commerce, and temper competition by "the ideal of service."

"Rotary (we read) began in the mind of Paul P. Harris, an attorney of Chicago." He founded a club in which members might know each other not only as individuals, but as followers of their vocations, and, to

with (his) recommendations we may lead long, happy, and useful lives, untroubled by disease, and die a painless, natural death at a ripe old age." What would happen to the doctors if Mr. Barker's counsels of perfection were universally observed? I do not think they need worry, but Mr. Barker sees their difficulty. He suggests that the doctor's business should be, as in China, not so much to heal the sick as to keep people well. "We should act wisely if we made it a rule to visit our doctor every six months for a general overhaul." Prevention, in short, may be more profitable than cure.

Laughter is born of health and happiness, and we may look for their intellectual fruits, perhaps, in "LAUGHING TRUTHS." By Carl Spitteler. Translated by James F. Muirhead. With an Appreciation of the Author by Romain Rolland (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). The Swiss poet, at any rate, lived to "a ripe old age": he was born in 1845, and died at Lucerne, in his eightieth year, on Dec. 28, 1924. His *magnum opus* was an epic, "Der Olympische Frühling" (The Olympian Spring), for which, chiefly, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1919. Although a German-Swiss, he urged his compatriots during the war not to be misled by racial sympathy, and in an address at Zurich in December 1914 denounced the violation of Belgium and called England the truest friend of Switzerland.

His "Laughing Truths" is a collection of vigorous and lively essays (admirably translated here) covering all his interests, "not only as author, but as musician, artist, citizen, nature-lover, and man." If he is not concerned with bodily health, he gives some tonic advice on what might be called the hygiene of the soul, and one essay is a penetrating diagnosis of the *genus irritabile vatum*. In aesthetics his genial sanity of outlook reminds me of Stevenson. "Art (writes Carl Spitteler) is great-hearted and humane, like the beauty

now that it has at last arrived, I welcome it with corresponding joy; and so, I am sure, will everyone else who has occasion to enter the artistic circle.

The biographer's net catches not only artists, but critics, dealers, collectors, and curators. It informs me, for example, that I once lived five doors from Mr. Roger Fry without knowing it. The editor confesses that the book is "not as complete as an editor could wish"; but what first volume of a reference book ever was? I could mention a few omissions. They may be due, perhaps, as Mr. Dolman suggests, to the artistic temperament not being adapted to the supply of precise data by a given date. Such omissions can, and doubtless will, be rectified in the next edition. A useful feature is the table of artists' signatures in facsimile.

To those whose artistic temperament finds expression in making things, I commend three tasteful little books in the Artistic Practical Handicraft Series, entitled respectively "PAPER CRAFT," "LEATHER CRAFT," and "PEWTER CRAFT." By F. J. Glass, Head Master of the School of Arts and Crafts, Doncaster (University of London Press; 1s. 6d. each). They seem to me clear and practical, and they are well supplied with designs and diagrams. One recalls to me the maxim of Calverley—

He that would shine, and petrify his tutor,
Should drink draught Allsopp in its native pewter.

Another alluring series of booklets which give the modern craftsman inspiration from masterpieces of the past is the set of sixteen Picture Books issued by the Victoria and Albert Museum, illustrating many of its rarest treasures. So far twenty-three numbers have appeared, and the new ones include "BOOKBINDINGS" (Part I., Before 1550; and Part II., 1550-1800), "JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS," and "MEDIÆVAL ENAMELS." Thanks to this last, I now know the difference between those mystic terms, *champlevé* and *cloisonné*. C. E. Y.

ROMAN BATHS AT A FAMOUS SPA: RELICS OF AQUÆ AURELIÆ.

THE ANCIENT
ROMAN THERMÆ
AT BADEN-BADEN
AS THEY ARE
TO-DAY: PART OF
A GREAT BATHING
ESTABLISHMENT
OF THE FIRST
CENTURY--THE
ANOINTING-ROOM.



BUILT WHEN
BADEN-BADEN WAS
KNOWN TO THE
ROMANS, FROM ITS
FAMOUS WATERS,
AS AQUÆ AURELLÆ:
A WALL IN THE
ANCIENT BATHS,
WITH CHANNELS FOR
DIFFUSING HEAT.

A RELIC OF ROMAN DAYS
AT BADEN-BADEN: A WELL-
PRESERVED MILESTONE IN THE
STRASBURG STRASSE.



At a time when Roman antiquities are attracting much attention, both here and abroad, and in the season of resort to watering-places, special interest attaches to the remains of an extensive Roman bathing establishment found at that famous spa, Baden-Baden. The efficacy of its waters was known to the Romans, who called the place Aquæ Aureliæ. The remains of the ancient *thermæ* are situated between the Friedrichs-Bad and the Augusta-Bad, the two great modern bath-houses, and are approached by steps leading down from the latter. In a description accompanying the photographs here reproduced, a German writer says: "Already in the first century A.D. the hot springs of Baden-Baden were used by the Romans, and suitable bathing establishments were put up, which give us a fine example of the highly developed technique and practical sense of the builders. All kinds of baths were in use: hot-air baths, properly heated by warm air, which circulated through pipes; hot-water baths, tepid and cold-water baths, and even an anointing-room, in which the invalids were anointed after their baths." Soap was then unknown. After the anointing with oils and pomades, the skin was scraped with a curved metal instrument called a *strigilis*. In Rome itself, of course, the *thermæ* were vast and luxurious establishments, frequented as pleasure resorts by imperial society. Besides the various forms of bathing, they included a gymnasium, and sometimes a library and a theatre. Such baths were built by several emperors, including Nero, Titus, Domitian, Caracalla, and Diocletian. Modern London provides a counterpart in the new £150,000 municipal baths of Bermondsey, to be opened next month.



THE ROMAN METHOD OF CENTRAL HEATING, BY MEANS OF HYPOCAUSTS:
THE FIREPLACE (FOR WOOD CHARCOAL) IN THE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT
BATHS AT BADEN-BADEN.

THE GAIT OF BIG-GAME: THE WART-HOG'S RUN; THE TIGER'S WALK.



A WART-HOG, WITH TAIL UP, KEEPING PACE WITH A MOTOR-CAR AT THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM THE CAR, IN KENYA COLONY, ILLUSTRATING THE ANIMAL'S CURIOUS RUNNING ACTION AND ITS EXTRAORDINARY SPEED FOR ITS HEAVY BUILD



A MYSORE TIGER ON THE PROWL: A SINGULARLY FINE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT A RANGE OF ABOUT FIFTY YARDS WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS, AND ILLUSTRATING THE TYPICAL WALKING GAIT OF THE KING OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

The movement of animals, as shown by photography, is always a fascinating study, and particularly so in the case of wild beasts whose action is unfamiliar. One may, indeed, see a tiger prowl in its cage at the "Zoo," but there its activities are circumscribed, and it has an air of captivity. The sight of a wart-hog at full speed is something quite new. Our correspondent who sends the photograph mentions that it was taken by her sister in Kenya Colony last May, from a motor-car in which she was crossing the veld. The car was doing thirty-five miles an hour, and the wart-hog (a female) kept pace with it, running with its tail up, as shown. The photograph was offered

to us as a result of Mr. Pycraft's article on wart-hogs, on "The World of Science" page, in our issue of February 12. He described the animal as "extremely fleet-footed and alert," unlike the pig, which it somewhat resembles. "When pursued," he wrote, "wart-hogs maintain an unvarying swift trot, running with 'tails up'—held vertically and surmounted by a tuft of bristles, giving a ludicrous appearance to the fugitive." The adventures of that copy of our paper, by the way, show how "The Illustrated London News" travels about the world. "Before being sent here," says our correspondent, explaining the lapse of time, "it had been forwarded from India to Kenya Colony."



"THE SHIP OF THE VELD" ON A HOLIDAY CRUISE: TREKKING WITH A MULE-WAGON IN SOUTH AFRICA—AN IDEAL FORM OF TRAVEL, COMBINING THE JOYS OF THE OPEN ROADS AND BLUE SKIES, AND THE PERFECTION OF HEALTH AND LEISURE.

The romance of the animal-drawn wagon, which has played such a universal part in the opening-up of new continents, is far from dead. In South Africa the ox-wagon was at once the home and fortress of the early pioneers, and in the advance of white civilisation their camps or "laagers" of wagons formed a rock on which the untamed forces of barbarism spent themselves. In parts of South Africa to-day animal transport is still favoured, and many people who could afford to travel by rail or motor prefer the joys of a "trekking" holiday. Our illustration shows a form of transport in South Africa second only to the ox-wagon in utility. It is the lighter type of covered wagon drawn by mules—a more expeditious vehicle than the heavier and slower ox-wagon, or "Ship of the Veld." A holiday spent on the veld, trekking from place to place

at will as the traveller pleases, has been described as the perfection of health and leisure; and, if combined with game-shooting and botanical or zoological researches, such a holiday offers endless variety. South Africa is one of the few remaining countries where indigenous fauna and flora are preserved in their natural state, and a holiday spent in such surroundings is a most refreshing change from the commonplace, and provides something wholly new in the world of travel. It may be helpful to our readers to know that the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, is pleased to supply detailed information concerning travel and tours in South Africa.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING SCORPIONS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

LIKE Macbeth, I murmur: "Oh, full of scorpions is my mind!" And this because a few days ago one of my correspondents in South Africa sent me a box of bones, and, as I unpacked them, I found three specimens of those remarkable little creatures known as "false scorpions" because, though they look uncommonly like those much-detested and much-feared creatures the true scorpions, they are really only remotely related to them.

I venture to believe that few among those who read this page have ever seen a "false scorpion." Only twice in my life have I ever had the good fortune to see them alive. Hence, then, some account of their more outstanding characteristics and habits may prove of interest, especially since, on looking into the matter, I find they are more widely and commonly distributed than I had supposed. This will be welcome news to those who enjoy hunting for new and strange creatures. But they are very tiny, and will need sharp eyes and nimble fingers for their capture.

A glance at the accompanying photographs will show what are the outstanding differences between the true and the false scorpion more quickly than a long description. For, apart from size and details of shape, it will be noticed that the true scorpion (Fig. 1) has a long, jointed tail, armed at the tip with a sting, while the false scorpion (Fig. 2) is tailless. But both are members of the great group Arachnida, which includes creatures so unlike as king-crabs, spiders, and mites, and those strange fossils of Silurian times known as Eurypterids, five or six feet long. They were the giants of their race. Further than this I dare not go in drawing distinctions between these types of the Arachnida, to which they and the spiders belong; for it would take up the rest of this page, and compel the use of endless technical anatomical details.

Let us get back to our main theme, the "false scorpions." Of the nine genera, or groups of species, known to science, no fewer than six are to be found within the confines of the British Islands; and they embrace some twenty or more species! Those who wish to take up hunting of this kind must hunt their quarry as the Snark was hunted—"with forks and hope," though forceps had better be substituted for forks! Turn over bark, moss, debris and stones. One species, *Obisium maritimum*, may be found on the South Coast of England under seaweeds. Two species, *Chelifer cancrivorus* and *Chiridium museorum*, invade our houses, hiding behind the wainscoting and in dark corners. But they have been found in large numbers in old bee-hives, wasps'-nests, and badly kept pigeon-houses.

Though insignificant in appearance, they have very unpleasant habits. Noah Claypole, it will be remembered, on the "kinchen-lay," waylaid small children to rob them of their pennies. These little monsters waylay the offspring of small insects which, when found, are promptly eaten! Most of them are fairly active, and can run swiftly, either sideways or backwards, with the "big claws" high in air in a threatening attitude. Some species possess as many as four pairs of eyes;

others, and these are such as love the dark, are quite eyeless; but they manage to thrive nevertheless.

Yet they are not entirely evil, for it must be said of them that they are good mothers, carrying first their eggs, and later their young, about with them, until they are able to fend for themselves. They breathe, like their cousins the Solifuge, or "false spiders," by means of tracheal tubes, recalling those of insects, and not by "lung-sacs," as do the spiders. At least two species, it should be mentioned, discovered the convenience of travel by air ages before man devised the aeroplane. They contrive to fasten hold of flies' legs, and so, as "stowaways" rather than as passengers, they manage to tap new sources of food.

And now something may well be said of the true scorpions. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), the most conspicuous feature is the great size of the big claws, or "chela," which recall those of the crab or lobster. But the part that really matters, to those who live where these creatures abound, is the sting at the end of the long tail. In the centre of the carapace, or head-shield, a small, round eminence lying in the centre of a deep groove will be seen. This eminence is formed by a pair of eyes. Others, much smaller, lie at the extreme anterior end of the head, near the base of the big claws, hence are not seen here.

The scorpion breathes by means of air introduced into four pairs of pouches opening on the under side of the abdomen by means of small apertures known as spiracles. The air in the pouches is made to penetrate between numerous extremely delicate plates, arranged like the leaves of a book, hence these pouches are known as "lung-books." Though they possess eyes, they seem to be of little use to them, since they depend more on their extremely delicate sense of touch, which apparently resides in the hairs more or less thickly clothing the body and its appendages.

An additional aid is given by two very remarkable comb-like organs seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3) on the under side of the body, and known as the "pectines." They seem to afford information as to the nature of the ground traversed, since they are longer in species which carry the body well above the ground than in those which grovel. But they also may serve as organs of smell, since on one occasion a scorpion which had walked over a piece of a cockroach far enough for the pectines to touch it immediately backed and ate it.

That the scorpion is not merely detested but dreaded wherever it is found is not to be wondered at, for its sting is exceptionally virulent. Children stung by the larger species sometimes die; but rarely does death result from this venom in the case of adults.

As the scorpion swarms in every part of Palestine, it is not surprising to find

innumerable Biblical references to it, always commonly in association with serpents. St. John speaks of the locusts that came out of the smoke of the bottomless pit, and "had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails." And "their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man."

But there is no truth in the deep-rooted belief that the scorpion, when in imminent danger, will turn his sting upon himself and so commit suicide. For it has been proved that the creature is immune to its own venom. In size they

vary greatly, some species being as much as six inches long. But, whether they are large or small, the sting is used not so much as a weapon of offence as of defence. We are rather apt to take up the attitude of the Frenchman in regard to the tiger—"Cet animal est très méchant: quand on l'attaque il se défend"! The real function of this poison is to enable the animal, as in the case of the venomous snake, to overpower victims too large to be dispatched by main

force. In the case of the scorpion, small prey is simply torn to pieces by the big claws. The larger only are first disabled by the injection of poison.



FIG. 1. THE TRUE SCORPION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE LONG, JOINTED TAIL, TIPPED WITH A STING MORE FORMIDABLE TO MAN THAN THE BIG CLAWS.

The great pincers of the scorpion form one of its most conspicuous characteristics. But they are less formidable than the long tail with its terminal sting. In the centre of the groove of the head-shield will be seen a small protuberance formed by a pair of closely set eyes.



FIG. 2. THE FALSE SCORPION (MAGNIFIED ABOUT TWELVE TIMES): A CREATURE WITH CLAWS LIKE THE TRUE SCORPION'S, BUT LACKING THE STING-TIPPED TAIL.

Though the "false scorpion" is firmly rooted in our islands, few people, probably, have ever seen one. In this specimen, greatly enlarged, the likeness to a true scorpion, in the matter of the "big claws," is plain; but the long tail, armed with a sting, is wanting. The head is also much more pointed than in the scorpion.



FIG. 3. THE UNDER SIDE OF A TRUE SCORPION: THE BODY, SHOWING THE COMB-LIKE PECTINES (A—BACKED BY PIECES OF WHITE PAPER) AND THE SPIRACLES (B) FOR BREATHING.

The "pectines" (A) or comb-like organs on the under side of the body, shown against a backing of white paper, serve as organs of touch and smell. Below them, on each side, will be seen two oblong, rounded ridges, with a central groove. These are the "spiracles" (B), apertures of the "lung-books," or breathing apparatus.

TSAY-NUN-NA-AH, "THE STONE RAINBOW": A WONDER OF THE WEST.

CAMERA STUDY BY E. O. HOPPÉ.



"THE RAINBOW TURNED TO STONE": A MIGHTY ARCH OF RED SANDSTONE, OVER THREE HUNDRED FEET HIGH, SPANNING A CANYON ON THE BORDERS OF UTAH AND ARIZONA.

Some of nature's grandest works are to be seen in the west of the United States, especially in the region of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in the north of Arizona. The remarkably fine photograph here reproduced is accompanied by the following descriptive note: "Tsay-nun-na-ah, the Stone Rainbow, one of the greatest miracles of the world, is a perfect arch thrown across the canyon in the Navajo Country, situated on the extreme southern border of

Utah and northern Arizona. What mighty powers had been at work to create this wonder can only be gused at. Chiselled out of red sandstone, the perfectly balanced curve rises to a height of 308 feet and its span measures 274 feet. It was discovered by Professor Byron Cummings under the guidance of John Wetherill. On account of its inaccessibility few white men have seen it, Mr. E. O. Hoppé being the first to represent England."

PRINCES AND PREMIER AT THE DEDICATION OF THE

U.S.-CANADA PEACE BRIDGE: INCIDENTS OF THE TOUR.



THE START OF A YACHTING TRIP AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE: THE YACHT "MAGEDOMA" LEAVING BROCKVILLE—SHOWING THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN STRAW HAT) NEXT TO MRS. BALDWIN (ON DECK, RIGHT).



THE PRINCE OF WALES (LEFT) AND PRINCE GEORGE SEEN ON THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM OF A CANADIAN RAILWAY COACH: AN INCIDENT OF THEIR ARRIVAL AT BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO, AFTER LEAVING OTTAWA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN UNIFORM) READING HIS SPEECH AT TORONTO AT A LECTERN WITH BROADCASTING MICROPHONES ATTACHED: AN INCIDENT OF THE RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL.



A GOLFING INTERLUDE AT BROCKVILLE: THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE) AND PRINCE GEORGE (NEXT TO RIGHT) WITH THEIR CADDIES.



A GREAT CANADIAN WELCOME TO THE PRINCES AND THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL AT TORONTO, SHOWING THE PLATFORM (FACING THE CENOTAPH).



THE PRIME MINISTER AS AN ENGINE-DRIVER: MR. BALDWIN IN THE CAB OF THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE (RECENTLY BUILT FOR THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS) AT TORONTO DURING THE TOUR.



THE CANADIAN PREMIER AT THE PEACE BRIDGE DEDICATION: MR. MACKENZIE KING. THE U.S. VICE-PRESIDENT AT THE PEACE BRIDGE DEDICATION: GENERAL DAWES. THE BRITISH PREMIER AT THE PEACE BRIDGE DEDICATION: MR. BALDWIN.



HANDS ACROSS THE FRONTIER: THE PRINCE OF WALES (RIGHT) GREETING GENERAL DAWES OVER THE RIBBON (CUT LATER) STRETCHED ACROSS THE PEACE BRIDGE, BENEATH THE FLAGS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN UNIFORM, CENTRE) CHATTING WITH WAR-DISABLED CANADIANS AT THE CHRISTIE STREET HOSPITAL, TORONTO: A MUCH-APPRECIATED ROYAL VISIT.



CUTTING THE RIBBON ON THE PEACE BRIDGE: MRS. ROSS, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO, ON THE CANADIAN SIDE (LEFT), AND MRS. DAWES, WIFE OF THE U.S. VICE-PRESIDENT, ON THE AMERICAN SIDE (RIGHT), SEVERING IT WITH SCISSORS.

After leaving Ottawa on August 5, the Prince of Wales and Prince George, with Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, proceeded to Brockville, on their way to Toronto. In the morning the Princes had a round of golf, and, after luncheon and a civic reception on the wharf, the party embarked in the yacht "Magedoma," and went on a trip through the Thousand Islands, the famous holiday resort in the St. Lawrence. Their course lay partly in American waters, and there the vessel was escorted by craft of the Thousand Islands Yacht Club. In the evening they entrained at Kingston for Toronto, where they arrived the following morning. The Prince of Wales's first act was to open the Union Railway Station, which has taken many years to build, and the party then drove to the City Hall, where the Mayor, Mr. Foster, gave a civic reception. Everywhere the visitors were received with the greatest enthusiasm. On August 7 took place the principal ceremony during the tour, the dedication of the great Peace Bridge over the Niagara River, joining Canada to the United States, at the southern neck of the Niagara

River end of Lake Erie, twenty miles above the Niagara Falls. The bridge commemorates the fact that peace has prevailed along the longest frontier in the world for over a hundred years. Among those present, besides the Princes and Mr. Baldwin, were Mr. Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada, General Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Kellogg, U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Al Smith, Governor of New York, and Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the U.S.A. There was great disappointment on both sides that President Coolidge was unable to attend, owing to his absence in South Dakota. The British and American parties met midway across the bridge at an imaginary boundary marked by a ribbon barrier, which was ceremonially cut by Mrs. Dawes and Mrs. Ross, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The dedication ceremony took place at the American end of the bridge. The Prince of Wales said: "May this bridge serve as a continual reminder that to seek peace and ensure it is the first end and the highest duty both of this generation and of those yet to come."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE—AND ANOTHER.

IT was with particular pleasure that I welcomed the announcement of the opening of the Children's Theatre on Aug. 16. For in these very pages the idea was—some two years ago—warmly advocated and examined on the basis of Continental institutions. Our plea at one time seemed very near realisation, for a leading manager of London wrote that he was greatly attracted by the project, and suggested a conference of several interested parties—actors, producers, writers of children's plays (for there are such), and a few women who were ready to organise a regular *teatro dei piccoli*. But—as often is the case with impulsive movements in the World of the Theatre—the manager's time became occupied with other and bigger schemes—revues and provincial circuits, and the conference was deferred to the Greek Kalends.

Nor was it the first time that the Children's Theatre had been planned and even tentatively tried. At Christmas 1924 a young manager hired a hall in the neighbourhood of Earl's Court, which was now and again used for theatrical performances, and gave a series of fairy tales especially adapted for the little ones, and for a little while they were well patronised. But as the Christmas holidays came to an end the attendance waned; and as the hall was rather off the map, all efforts to stabilise the young institution failed. The first Children's Theatre had a short life, but—since the kiddies dearly loved the shows—a merry one.

And now two plucky ladies, Miss Joan Luxton and Miss Agnes Lowson—the latter a member of the successful "Marigold" company at the Kingsway—have taken the matter in hand, and, on the principle of "slow and small but sure," they have rented a workshop in Endell Street, not far from the Princes Theatre, and transformed it into a miniature playhouse, holding about a hundred people. To an interviewer the directors said: "Our aim is to provide a healthy entertainment for the children, and perhaps help them to appreciate the theatre. We shall be especially interested to see whether they prefer it to the cinema."

A capital idea, if they can find the right material and good players. Capital, too, is the endeavour to make the theatre accessible to all sorts and conditions of people—children under twelve will pay the smallest coin of the realm—threepence; over that age, the nimble "tanner"; and there will be *fautails de luxe*, beyond the dreams of avarice, at one-and-two and two-and-four. If with their modest space they can make it pay on that basis, there will be a miracle among the theatres of London. But then, where children are concerned, everybody is willing to stretch a point, and so it may be expected that the authors' fees will be waived for the very pleasure the productions will give to the authors; and artists of repute will no doubt be found willing to play for "a mere song." And here I ought to mention how 'cute these two ladies are in fixing the performances at such an hour as to enable the actors who have other engagements to appear at the Children's Theatre, and to send the little hearers home at bed-time. The shows begin at 5.45, and end about seven, and during that time the programme consists of a short play, folk songs and dancing—a regular *spectacle varié* in the compass of an hour.

It seems all very promising—this Children's Theatre in embryo—and (who knows?) with success

it may one day develop into a regular feature of London life, with a real playhouse of its own, so constructed that the tiniest tot may have a complete vision of the stage, and all the children the same illusion as the grown-ups—in short, a stage on which the producer can lavish all the pictures of his imagination to be seen through the eyes of the coming generation.

But that is to take Time by the forelock, or, in

at tea-time, and thousands flock to them because, in a great city like London, there is nothing to do in the late afternoons until dinner-time. Why not do something for players, playwrights, and public which can be made popular and entertaining? These pioneers want to take one of the existing theatres in the centre, and turn it into a kind of "Variété," such as in former days were the vogue on the Continent and latterly have been revived with great results. Here they would give at half the usual prices, tea included, a *spectacle coupé* of one-act plays—mainly comedies—and now and again "try out" a new play. They would start at four-thirty with a kind of *hors d'œuvre*—a good duologue such as Sutro wrote so well; then serve tea, proceed with a drama in one act, and wind up with a rollicking farce: a tasty cocktail, as it were, previous to dinner-time.

They rightly think that the moment has come to grant a new lease of life to the curtain-raiser, many of which by well-known authors would greatly attract. Also the idea would tempt many writers, thirsting for theatrical laurels, who do not feel sure enough of their footing to launch out in a three-decker, but would gladly try their hand at one act. It might be the making of new playwrights; lead to the discovery of another Barrie, who made all London laugh with his parody of "Ghosts"; and—well, the rest is history of the drama. What a chance, too, for all the ambitious young actors, who, instead of eating their hearts out in provincial tours—or hiding their light under the bushel of understudy—could obtain the London hall-

mark by appearing at the "Five O'Clock Theatre"! For that is the particular catch of the one-act play—it does not only allow experiment at small risk, but, as each play can be separately rehearsed, it allows three sets of people an opportunity instead of one. The expense of the enterprise would be small (for all productions would be in curtains) and all the actors would give their services on sharing terms, while it is pretty sure that several theatres could be obtained on minimum sharing terms.

It seems all very plausible and likely to appeal to the many pleasure-seekers, both Londoners and visitors, who do not care for the cinema, and, for want of cafés as on the Continent, idle away the tardy afternoon hours with—as the Dutch so aptly put it—"their souls under their arms." In Paris and Berlin there are already little

theatres—I understand—where there are performances every day "*de cinq à sept*," mainly in the quarters where the artists live. But Chelsea is, of course, too remote—in London the right place would be a stone's-throw from Piccadilly Circus in the very focus of the throng. "I wonder," said one of the sponsors, "that the showman *par excellence* has not discovered this egg of Columbus. Fancy a *spectacle coupé* at the Pavilion—what a position and what a prospect! Won't you speak up for us in *The Illustrated London News*? Thus it may meet the Speaker's eye!" "I will," I said, "for it is a jolly good idea. As I am not a 'bridger' or good at billiards, I have often thought how pleasant it would be to pop in at a theatre to while away the doldrum hours, when it is too early to 'dress up' and one has 'nowhere to go.'"



MRS. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH PLAYING THE OLDEST KNOWN BASS-VIOL (DATING FROM 1450), ACCOMPANIED BY MR. DOLMETSCH ON AN ARCH-LUTE MADE FOR DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA: HISTORIC INSTRUMENTS THEY WILL USE AT THE HASLEMERE FESTIVAL.



THE DOLMETSCH FAMILY PRACTISING FOR THE HASLEMERE OLD-WORLD MUSIC FESTIVAL: A CONCERT OF RECORDERS AND DRUMS—INSTRUMENTS OF ANTIQUE TYPE MADE BY MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his family, who have made the Surrey village of Haslemere famous for their revival of old-world music and its contemporary instruments, have been busy preparing for another musical festival, which was arranged to begin on Monday, August 22. Besides the historic bass-viol and arch-lute here illustrated, Mr. Dolmetsch also arranged to use some new models of antique instruments of his own construction. In his workshop at Haslemere he makes harpsichords, clavichords, viols, lutes, and recorders. He is the author of "The Interpretation of the Music of the 17th and 18th Centuries," and has lectured on the subject at various Universities, including the Sorbonne and Harvard.

other words, to use the divining rod of the optimist. Meanwhile, let us wish good luck to the children's friends, Miss Luxton and Miss Lowson, and trust that they may realise their ideals and enjoy the patronage of the young, as well as of their elders, who love to dwell once again in the marble halls of their youthful dreams.

A band of young actors is trying to endow London with another theatrical enterprise that seems to have a chance of vitality. They are in quest of a backer for the "Afternoon Tea Theatre." "Why," they say, "should our theatres be empty four afternoons a week?—why should the dead hours between five and seven not be utilised for a good entertainment? Look at the cinemas! There business begins in earnest

AFRICAN PAGEANTRY: SCENES FROM STANLEY'S LIFE; AND UGANDA MARTYRS.



THE JUBILEE PAGEANT AT KAMPALA, TO BE PARTLY INCLUDED IN A FORTH-COMING LONDON FILM: A SCENE REPRESENTING NATIVE SOLDIERS LINED UP ON THE LAKE SHORE TO GREET STANLEY.



THE ARRIVAL OF SIR H. M. STANLEY (MR. W. J. W. ROOME): A SCENE FROM THE UGANDA PAGEANT AT KAMPALA, HELD TO COMMEMORATE THE COMING OF THE FIRST MISSIONARIES.



KING MUTESA IN COUNCIL: A SCENE REPRESENTING THE UGANDA CHIEF AT WHOSE SUGGESTION STANLEY WROTE HIS FAMOUS LETTER ASKING THAT MISSIONARIES SHOULD BE SENT THITHER.



ALEXANDER MACKAY, THE SCOTTISH MISSIONARY, AND R. P. ASHE REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE COURT OF KING MWANGA (MUTESA'S SUCCESSOR): A SCENE OF THE PAGEANT.



ROYAL SPECTATORS AT THE PAGEANT: KING DANDI (THE PRESENT KABAKA OF UGANDA) AND HIS CONSORT, LADY IRENE.



THE UGANDA MARTYRS: A TRAGIC SCENE OF THE PAGEANT—THREE CHRISTIANS HALED BEFORE MWANGA, WHO BURNED THEM ALIVE FOR REFUSING TO RECENT.



THE PRESENT HEIR TO THE THRONE OF UGANDA: LITTLE PRINCE MUTESA, A NAMESAKE OF STANLEY'S FRIEND.

A thousand natives of Uganda took part recently in a Jubilee Pageant at Kampala, to commemorate the arrival of the first missionaries. There were ten to fifteen thousand African and European spectators, including the Governor, four Kings, and eight Bishops. Some of the episodes dealt with the arrival of Stanley and his reception by King Mutesa, at whose suggestion he wrote his famous letter to the "Daily Telegraph" asking for missionaries. This letter Stanley handed to a Belgian officer, Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, to take to Europe. De Bellefonds was murdered on his way north, and months later the letter was found by one of General Gordon's men in the murdered man's boot. It was published in the

"Daily Telegraph" in November 1875, and the pioneer party of missionaries, of whom the most famous was Alexander Mackay, was sent out by the Church Missionary Society in 1877. The Pageant showed the perils of the early missionaries and their converts. Some young attendants of King Mwanga, Mutesa's successor, were burned alive because they would not recant. Only the smoke of the martyrs' fires in the distance were shown, but other persecution scenes were very vivid. One of the condemned youths, reprieved at the last moment, and now an elderly man, was present at the pageant. Scenes from it will be included in the film, "Africa To-Day," to be first shown at the Polytechnic in October.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The House Party Season.

This is the season of house parties, and the mistresses of large country places have their time very fully occupied arranging the succession of guests and seeing that everything goes smoothly and satisfactorily.



ENGAGED TO MR. FITZHERBERT WRIGHT: THE HON. DOREEN WINGFIELD.

The engagement of the Hon. Doreen Wingfield, only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, to Mr. Fitzherbert Wright, only son of Capt. and Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright, of Yeldersley Hall, Derby, has been announced.

Ladies Margaret and Helen Stewart, sailed *Gweebara* into third place in the "River" class.

Lady Londonderry is one of the leading society hostesses, and is the ideal *grande dame*. She has both beauty and distinction, and is a magnificent figure when she appears on State occasions in the family jewels, wearing her fine all-round diadem and the famous stomacher of diamonds completely covering the front of her dress. However, she looks equally well in simple tailor-mades and sporting suits, and takes a keen interest in all outdoor pursuits. It will be remembered that Lady Londonderry (who is a Dame of the British Empire) founded the Women's Legion during the war, and that when hostilities ceased she turned her attention to the needs of the disabled men, and organised the Disabled Sailors and



WITH HER FATHER, THE VETERAN MARQUESS OF ZETLAND: LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

This snapshot was taken at Stockton Races, which Lord Zetland attended on his eighty-third birthday, acting as Steward. He has raced horses for half a century, is a Steward of the Jockey Club, to which he was elected a member in 1875, and is one of the most popular men in the racing world. Lady Southampton is his elder daughter.

The Marchioness of Londonderry has been specially busy, as not long ago she was entertaining in Ireland for a regatta, and almost immediately afterwards came over to Wynyard Park, with Lord Londonderry, in order to act as hostess to a house-party for Stockton Races. In Ireland Lady Londonderry herself competed in the regatta, being at the helm of the *Uladh*; while her second and third daughters, the

sometimes referred to as "the Ascot of the North," on account of the fact that the meeting is not only of considerable sporting interest, but is also a notable social fixture. If the weather proves kind, smart summery frocks are worn by a good many of those who attend it, and many house-parties are held in honour of the occasion.

Two of Yorkshire's leading hostesses, Countess Fitzwilliam, O.B.E., and Lady Southampton, are sisters. They are the daughters of the veteran Marquess of Zetland (who has raced horses for half a century, and celebrated his eighty-third birthday by attending Stockton Races, where he officiated as steward), and come of a family notable not only for devotion to sport, but for considerable literary and artistic ability. Their elder brother, the Earl of Ronaldshay, has had a most distinguished career. He was formerly Governor of Bengal, and is President of the Royal Geographical Society and author of a number of excellent books, including "Sport and



THE SECOND AND THIRD DAUGHTERS OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY: THE LADIES MARGARET AND HELEN STEWART.

Lady Margaret Vane-Tempest-Stewart was born in 1910, and her next sister, Lady Helen, is a year younger. Their eldest sister, Lady Maureen Stanley, is the wife of the younger son of the Earl of Derby, and they have one brother, Viscount Castlereagh, who was born in 1902.

also an admirable artist, and spends a good deal of time in her studio at Rockcliffe, her Yorkshire home. She has exhibited in the Salon and elsewhere, and is particularly successful with her water-colours. When her second girl, the Hon. Sibell Fitzroy, married Major Vandeleur Beatty, the well-known trainer and brother of Earl Beatty, one of Lady Southampton's wedding gifts to her daughter consisted of a selection of her water-colours of still-life subjects, as well as two or three admirable copies of some of the family portraits at Rockcliffe.

Child Welfare Experts.

A great many criticisms are levelled at modern woman; but those who cavil at her frivolity and suggest that up-to-date mothers neglect home duties for sport and gaiety are generalising in a very uninformed way, for never was there a time when the young married women took a greater interest in modern, scientific ideas on the subject of infant welfare. To quote an outstanding instance of this preoccupation with what is, after all, woman's premier business, Viscountess Erleigh, the daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Reading, is well known as a child-welfare expert. She has organised various courses of lectures on the subject, and the beauty and healthy appearance of her own little girls and boy are living proof that her methods of bringing up babies are very satisfactory. Lady Erleigh's sister, Lady Pearson, wife of Sir Neville Pearson, is another infant-welfare expert, and employs all the latest methods in bringing up her baby boy and girl. She and Sir Neville Pearson are spending the summer at Hayling Island, where they have taken a house; and Lady Pearson (who has only recently recovered from quite a serious illness

resulting from poisoning when travelling abroad) is devoting her time to planning out a book on child welfare which is likely not only to be interesting and informative, but also written in distinguished prose, as Lady Pearson had a brilliant university career before her marriage to Sir Neville Pearson.

St. Dunstan's Godchildren.

Lady (Arthur) Pearson, President of St. Dunstan's, and widow of Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., has recently returned from a world tour, and is now thinking of settling down in a country place in Surrey or Sussex. During her tour of the Dominions she saw practically every St. Dunstan's man from Overseas, and the reunions of the blinded sailors and soldiers who had profited by the late Sir Arthur Pearson's scheme of help were most enjoyable. Lady Pearson instituted a charming scheme in connection with the Overseas St. Dunstanites. A certain number of the wives of the men were unable to attend the reunions for the happiest of reasons, so Lady Pearson arranged to act as godmother to all "St. Dunstan's" babies born within a few months of her visit to the Dominions. Since her return she has received quite a number of letters announcing the arrival in this world of an "Evel" or an "Arthur," for naturally all these Overseas godchildren are being named after the late Sir Arthur or his widow. It is interesting to see that none of the St. Dunstan's men have forgotten what they learnt at the Regent's Park school for the blinded, as in every case the letter telling Lady Pearson of the birth of a godchild was from the father himself—typed without a mistake. Typewriting is one of the essential things to be learnt by all blinded men, as it renders them independent in the matter of dealing with their own correspondence. It is easy to learn to type—write without sight, while to write one's own letters when the paper is invisible is almost an impossible feat.



A ROMANCE OF BUSINESS: MRS. HEYGATE, FORMERLY MRS. AMY YATES, A MANAGERESS OF MESSRS. MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE, WHO RECENTLY MARRIED MR. R. HEYGATE, A MANAGER AT MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOW.

The marriage of Mrs. Amy Yates, a manageress of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, and daughter of Mrs. Frank Bell, to Mr. R. Heygate, M.C., late Middlesex Regiment (Footballers' Battalion), a manager at Messrs. Waring and Gillow, and son of Mrs. J. Heygate, was recently solemnised. Our photograph shows the bride after the ceremony.



THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE MARQUESS OF READING: VISCONTRESS ERELEIGH.

Viscountess Erleigh is the daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Reading, and was formerly Miss Eva Mond. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, married Viscount Erleigh in 1914, and has a son, the Hon. Michael Isaacs, born in 1916, and two daughters, the Hon. Joan and the Hon. Elizabeth Isaacs, born in 1918 and 1921 respectively.

TALKS ABOUT WHISKY

It is unhappily true that, as a Nation, Great Britain has been regarded by other nations as hypocritical.

It is happily true that there is now less justification for the accusation. Evidences are forthcoming that honesty and candour are welcomed in circles that have in the past dealt largely in pretence.

The churches are absolutely right in advocating the temperate use of everything. There they are on strong ground and deserve support.

They are on still stronger ground when they refrain from pretending to virtues that they do not practise.

At the May meeting in Edinburgh of the Scottish Church Assemblies, some Reverend and revered members admitted this fact. One of them stated (in connection with a discussion on prohibition) that "he was convinced that the majority of the members of the Assembly were not personal abstainers."

That being so, it is not only justifiable but *necessary* that somebody must make and somebody must sell the alcohol that the members of the Scottish Church Assembly (and others) require.

All the churches take what money we give them and we want them to use it in advocating the temperate use of everything. By helping us to eliminate excess, they use our financial help in the way that we want it used.

★ ★ ★

The Distilling Industry is a great Home Industry. It gave Great Britain all its yeast during the period

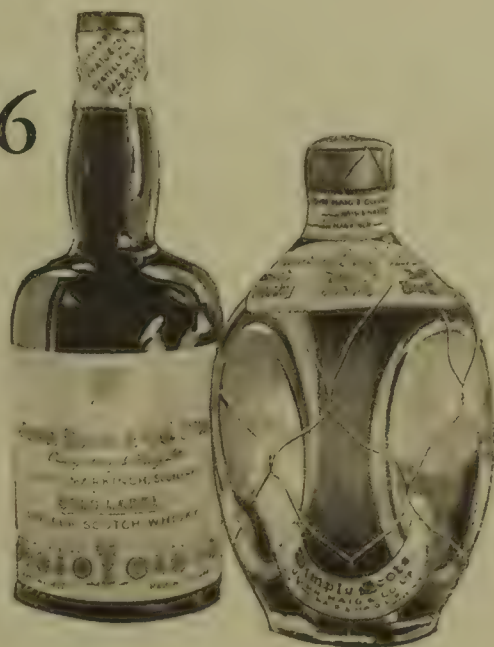
of the War. It made the explosives, but for which Germany would have won instead of losing the War. The Government is not behaving fairly to it. It is taxing it out of its own Kingdom.

★ ★ ★

These talks on Whisky are issued under the auspices of John Haig & Company, who offer to the public throughout the World the finest Scots Whisky obtainable. Now that the scarcity of fine old whisky (occasioned by the War) is entirely overcome, they supply **Haig** WHISKY of as fine quality as ever went out of Scotland.

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WHISKY

Fashions & Fancies

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE OF AUTUMN IS THE SHOOTING SUIT, THE TOWN COAT AND SKIRT, AND THE TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE, DISCUSSED HERE IN VARIOUS NEW MOODS.

Shooting Suits for Scotland.

No part of the feminine wardrobe needs more careful and critical choosing than her outfit for the moors. Expert advice should always be sought, and Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., are well-known authorities on all correct sports outfits. They are making coats and skirts for the moors in Lovats and homespuns of their own weaving, perfectly cut and made with invisible pleats at the back of the shoulders to give full play to the arms. The suit photographed on this page is carried out in game-feather tweed in soft colours. Neat tailored hats to match can also be obtained, and travelling coats, too, built of the same tweeds. This firm's famous weatherproof Burberry is, of course, an indispensable item of equipment to every sports enthusiast at this time of year.



Designed, cut, and tailored with absolute correctness is this tweed shooting costume, built by Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., the world-famous sports outfitters.

One of the fashionable autumn suits expressed in bordered West of England suiting in wine-red and fawn. It may be seen in the coat and skirt department of Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

PHOTO. ELWIN NEAME.

Paris Frocks Already in London.

At this time of year there is always a tense feeling of anticipation regarding the coming fashions. What will be the autumn silhouette, and how soon will the Paris models be here "in the flesh"? At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., there are already to be seen several autumn toilettes from Paris. A lovely Agnès two-piece ensemble, for instance, is pictured on the right. The dress is of crushed-strawberry silk marocain, and an important feature is the trimming à dent, arranged in folds down the centre. The coat is of silk velour trimmed with moleskin. Another smart two-piece shows the frock made in a reversible material in two shades of blue, used both ways. The silhouette is rather pouched at the waist, accompanied by a straight coat hemmed with fur. An evening ensemble has a white crêpe-de-Chine dress embroidered with crystal, and a long bead fringe covering the skirt; while the velvet coat is black with balloon sleeves and long revers of white. Another lovely frock for the evening, signed by Patou, takes the form of a jumper suit expressed in chiffon in a new shade of red; and the skirt is a series of flat draperies laid one on the other with careful precision. The two-tiered skirt—another whim of the mode—is introduced by Bernard in a very tight black satin dress with a deep V-shaped corsage embroidered with diamanté.

Town Coats and Skirts for September.

Autumn will follow in the footsteps of spring—if not in weather, at least as far as the continued vogue for the coat and skirt is concerned. Plain, well-cut suits will be met everywhere, and a most attractive new model is the coat and skirt of bordered West of England suiting pictured at the top of this page. It is wine-red, bordered with fawn, and may be obtained for 8½ guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. Another smart suit at the same price has a russet velvet coat and a skirt in a shaded French plaid design, carried out in russet, burnt orange, and black. A third, at the surprisingly modest price of 6½ guineas, is a copy of a Bernard model, showing the new short-waisted effect and novel pockets inset at the waist. It is obtainable in a large variety of Scotch tweeds in different colourings.



A new Agnès model to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. The dress is of crushed-strawberry silk marocain, trimmed à dent (which is the latest mode) and the coat of silk velour and moleskin.

PHOTO. ELWIN NEAME.

A Catalogue of Riding Habits.

August and the early autumn are ideal months for enjoying canter over the Downs, and the riding season begins soon after with a vengeance. Riding habits are always a difficult problem, and it must be remembered that a specialist in the building of every type of habit is Harry Hall, of 181, Oxford Street, W., well known for the correct cut and tailoring which characterise all his work. The "Hall-zone" Ideal astride habits can be obtained from £10 10s.—made in riding tweeds, Indian whipcords, covert coating, Meltons, etc.; and side-saddle habits are from £12 12s. Separate riding breeches can also be secured for 42s.; and boots and other accessories are available. A catalogue giving full details will be sent gratis and post free on request, also a simple self-measurement form, which will enable residents abroad and in the country to order successfully without necessitating a personal visit.

Pretty and Inexpensive Lingerie.

A woman has never too much lingerie, and it is always a sound investment to acquire bargains when the opportunity is offered. At Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., who are well known for their beautiful lingerie, delightful nightdresses of crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with really good lace, are obtainable for 29s. 9d.; and camiknickers to match, decorated with inset godets of the same lace, are 19s. 11d. Then there are charming little nighties of fine lawn decorated with drawn-thread work, available for the sum of 12s. 11d. each. Spun-silk nighties, which wash and wear excellently, are 24s. 9d.

For Cleaning Shoes.

Tramping over the moors has many delights and but one disadvantage; it leaves your shoes so dirty that a real effort is needed to get them spick-and-span again. One of the best friends to help in this task is Meltonian Cream. With this you can do your own shoes without any trouble, and know that they will appear sleek and shining when you have finished with them. This excellent dressing should be put on as soon as the shoe is taken off, so that it may sink well down into the leather and keep it soft and supple. It is obtainable everywhere in 9d. Dumpijars, 6d. Handitubes, or 1s. Traveltubes, which are especially convenient for packing.

For those who Dance—Virol-and-Milk



LYDIA SOKOLOVA—"QUEEN OF ENGLISH DANCERS"

[Photo by Lenave.]

BEHIND THE SCENES at the RUSSIAN BALLET

Behind the easy balance and perfect poise of Sokolova lies an Iliad of physical training, a lavish expenditure of nervous energy. The strain of varied roles, of constant rehearsals, of exacting performances, test to the utmost even the greatest stars of the Russian Ballet.

The measure of their performance is the measure

of their vitality. In the very words of the "Queen of English Dancers"—"*Virol-and-Milk is an excellent food for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion.*"

All who envy their supreme physical fitness and fund of nervous energy should take Virol-and-Milk as a regular habit. In this Sokolova and her fellow artists are at once an example—and an inspiration.

Arrangements have been made to supply beautiful large sepia toned prints of the original photographs of any of these pictures at the special prices: 10/6 each, or 3 for 30/-. Applications should be made to Messrs. Virol Ltd., Ealing, London, W.5.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A GOOD deal of hostile criticism has been directed against the Vienna Society of Music Friends and others responsible for the programme of the Schubert Centenary Festival to be held in Vienna next year. The only details of the festival which have been announced so far referred to the proposal to complete Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. Plans for a world competition have all been made, and the Columbia Gramophone Company's prize money of from four to five thousand pounds sterling—of which two thousand is to go to the composer of the work which wins the first prize—is large enough to tempt musicians in every country to compete.

The project certainly offers an easy target for sarcasm. In the first place, it is no doubt true that many people who should know better—in other words, many trained academic musicians—do seriously believe in the possibility of Schubert's work being successfully completed by another hand. Some musicians will even point to Mozart's "Requiem," completed by Sussmayr, or to Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov" completed by Rimsky-Korsakov, as instances of how admirably one man may complete the unfinished work of another. But they overlook many points of difference in the examples. In the first place Sussmayr was a pupil of Mozart, and was with Mozart during the composition of much of the "Requiem," and was in possession of Mozart's sketches for the unfinished fragments. Very little of Mozart's

"Requiem" is by Sussmayr, and the little that is can be detected not by its lack of congruity in style with the rest, but by its comparative flatness. The case of "Boris Godounov" is, again, different. Moussorgsky's original score has been published recently, and may now be compared with Rimsky-Korsakov's version. Those who have examined

the two scores declare that Rimsky-Korsakov spoilt Moussorgsky's work by giving it a smoothness and polish altogether foreign to its character. The musical public cannot judge in this matter until the two versions are performed; and if we had a National Opera House, and a highly educated public, this is exactly the sort of experiment which would

interest us. Our present degree of culture, which is satisfied by the hearing once a year of our favourite operas repeated in exactly the same style by the same, or similar, singers season after season, will appear barbarous and primitive to the society of the future. When the world has more leisure and more wealth, a great many new and superior pleasures will be available. The ordinary member of the public will be able to enjoy and take part in disputes of taste, and people will go on Monday night to hear Mr. X's production of "Boris Godounov" in the purest Moussorgsky vein, and on Tuesday night to Mr. Y's "Boris Godounov" à la Rimsky-Korsakov, and will be able to discuss their points of difference intelligently.

In the meantime we must discriminate between Rimsky-Korsakov's editing of Moussorgsky and the editing of Moussorgsky by any mediocrity. Although we may admit that, in principle, no man has the right to meddle with another man's work, any alterations made by a man of equal, or superior, genius will always have a special interest of their own. But there must always be the proviso that nothing of the original is destroyed: that it should be left intact in its original state, and all alterations or amendments shall be

[Continued overleaf.]



THE NEW "LAURENTIC": ANOTHER BIG STEAMER FOR THE CANADIAN SERVICE.

The triple-screw steamer "Laurentic," the latest addition to the White Star Canadian Service, was launched in June, from the Belfast yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Ltd., and it is anticipated that she will be in commission by November. She has a tonnage of 18,700, a sea speed of 16½ knots, and her accommodation provides for cabin, tourist third cabin, and third class, a total of 1600 passengers. In the cabin class the public apartments are beautifully decorated in period styles, including a Louis Seize dining-saloon, Italian Renaissance lounge, with dancing floor, an Empire drawing-room, Jacobean smoking-room, Pompeian gymnasium, and early French Renaissance card-room. The White Star Line also realise the growing popularity of democratic travel, and the "Laurentic" will have excellent accommodation for the other classes. Extensive promenade decks are a feature of each class.

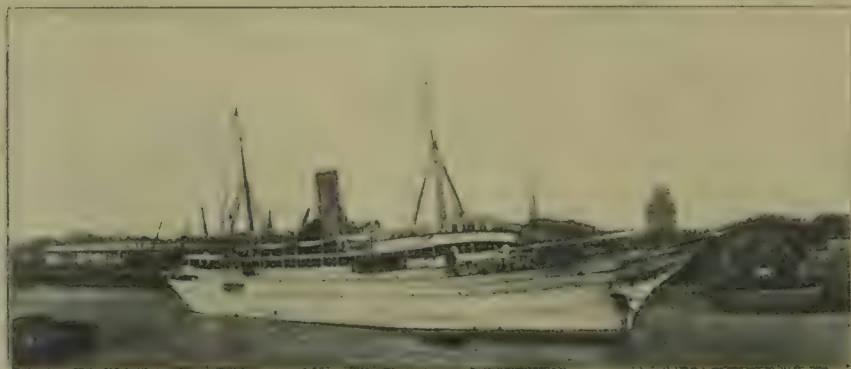
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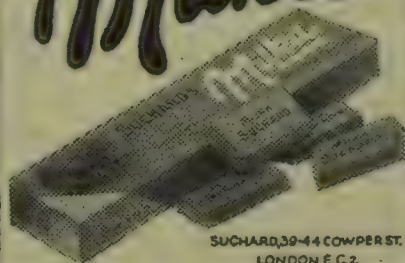
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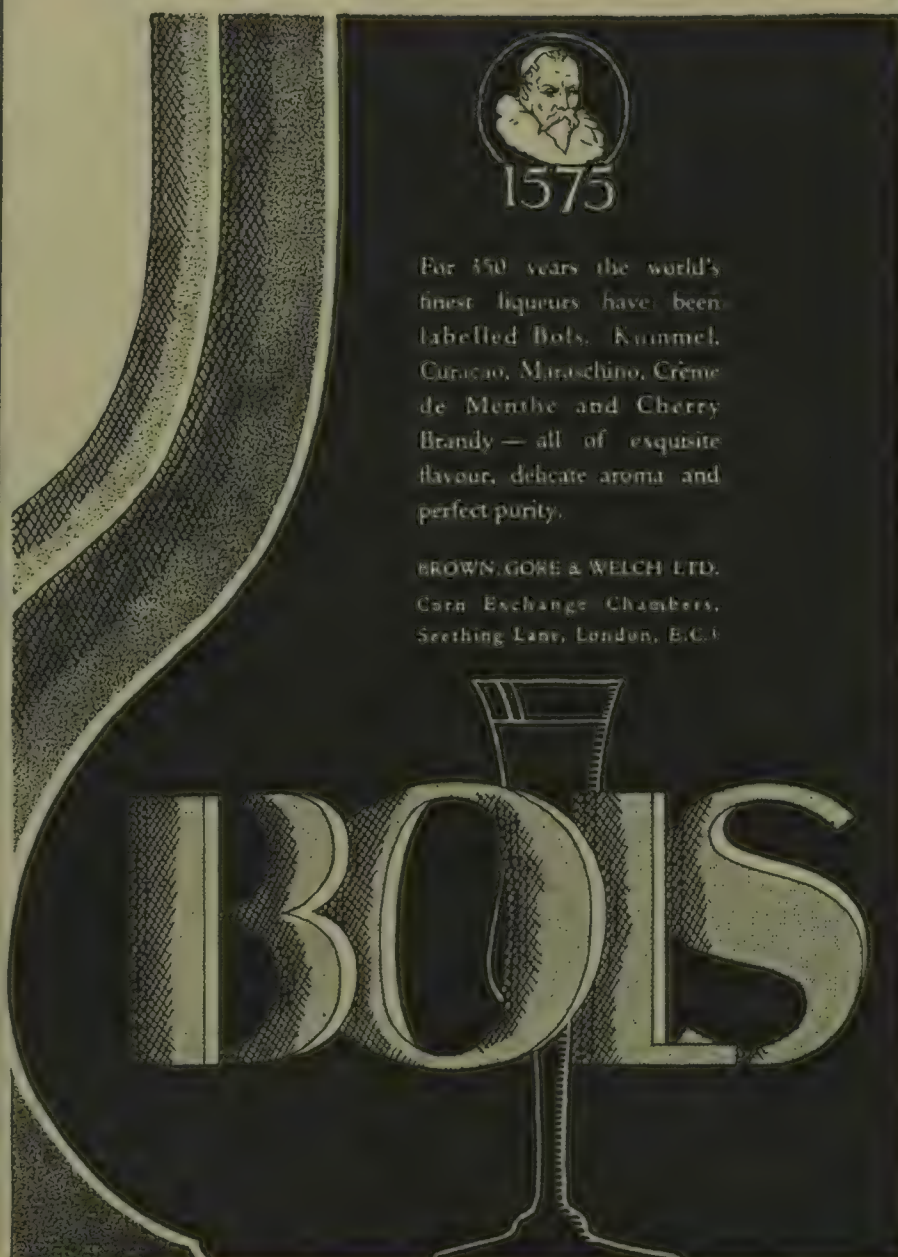
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[Continued.]

incorporated in a separate and distinct edition, so that posterity may judge between them.

For example, supposing that in the mid-nineteenth century, under the influence of Tennyson's mellifluous and smooth versification, the poems of Donne had been revised in order to do away with their ruggedness and harshness, which to most Victorian ears seemed to be merely technical incompetence, then if the originals had been destroyed the twentieth century would never have re-discovered Donne. Donne would have been merely a minor Victorian poet, instead of being—what many critics to-day consider him to be—a poet even greater than, and certainly wholly different from, Tennyson. Many editions of our beautiful folk-songs are quite valueless for similar reasons. The Victorian editors smoothed away their strong harmonic flavour, their abrupt expressive transitions and discords, into smooth, insignificant prettiness. It is extremely dangerous to meddle with work of another period, and I personally think that it should never be done, except as a deliberate experiment to show the difference in character between the two periods or the two masters.

Wagner edited Gluck's "Iphigenia," and Mozart wrote additional instrumentation for Handel's "Messiah"; but, while admitting that Mozart's genius actually succeeded in embellishing Handel's work without apparent alteration of its character, I should like to hear the "Messiah" performed exactly as Handel wrote it at least once a year, and I think that, as our musical culture increases, we shall find a greater demand for the performance of our classical masterpieces by carefully selected orchestras of the

dimensions originally planned for by the composer, and with a strict regard for the letter of the score.

But, this admitted, I want to make a plea for greater gaiety and elasticity in our conduct. Why should not serious musicians be allowed to have a good joke, and why should not wit and humour play as great a part in music as they do in literature and drama? If the world competition to complete Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony was treated in the gay mood in which, I am sure, some wag in Vienna first conceived of it, we should all get a great deal of profitable amusement from it. We all know that money cannot command genius, and that if Mr. Rockefeller or the Columbia Gramophone Company were to offer a million sterling, cash down, for a new twentieth-century musical genius as great as Schubert, the world would remain dumb. We may even go further and be certain that, although there would be no apparent response, no obvious candidate for the million pounds, this would not necessarily mean that the world at that moment did not possess a musical genius as great as Schubert. The essence of artistic genius is that it is too original and individual for immediate recognition. The world requires time to get used to its idiom and to discover its unique quality. This is so plainly revealed by history that we find everywhere nowadays people deliberately seeking to be original and bizarre in their work because they know from history that the work of genius will have that quality. But this only means that we are more copiously deceived than formerly. The public is now divided into two sections, the "conventional" and the "advanced." The conven-

tional is the less self-conscious, the less intellectual public which frankly likes what it has grown accustomed to, and prefers its novelty in small, digestible doses. The "advanced" public falls at once to every new freak, and necessarily must do so, since its only criterion of goodness in contemporary art is strangeness or novelty. In a world of academic artists turned out by the thousand from every school and academy, and producing ingenious and clever copies of the past on the one hand, and of "advanced" artists consciously exploiting the experience of history by being deliberately "original" and self-consciously bizarre and "modern," on the other hand, the real man of genius is even more likely to be lost and ignored by his contemporaries than he has been in the past.

Therefore, I should welcome the elasticity of mind that would seize the opportunity of a Schubert Centenary Festival for a world competition to complete the "Unfinished" Symphony that was in the nature of a *jeu d'esprit*. Let it be seen how much we have progressed in mere technical accomplishment, so that numbers of conservatoire pupils to-day can score a movement of a symphony to sound something like Schubert. Let us have attempts at the invention of Schubertian melody. And let me say at once that nothing is easier than this. If you have the knack, you can take any Schubert melody and alter it into a new tune, which both is and is not Schubert. It is done every day by the composers of popular dance music. Then let us have parodies and burlesques of Schubert. We might get something really good in this way; for example, I should very much like to

see a third movement to the "Unfinished" Symphony composed by that clever and witty English musician, Lord Berners, the composer of the ballet "The Triumph of Neptune." I hope, therefore, that the Vienna Society of Music Friends and the Columbia Gramophone Company will not allow their project to fall through on account of the adverse criticism it has received, and I trust that the judges will be open-minded enough and intelligent enough to find a number of interesting compositions among those sent in for the competition. It is in this hope that I shall go to the Schubert Centenary Festival in Vienna next year.—W. J. TURNER.

"POTIPHAR'S WIFE," AT THE GLOBE.

"POTIPHAR'S WIFE" makes a good title for a play, and there is no reason why a modern version of the story, in which a Peer's graceless young wife and a decent chauffeur replace the Bible characters, should not make a good play. But Mr. E. C. Middleton's treatment of the theme is of a catchpenny, crude sort, its best feature being a trial scene wherein his Joseph obtains acquittal through the adroitness of counsel and the breakdown of witnesses. On that the management seems to have banked for success—on that and the luxurious appointments of the temptress's dressing-room. But though the trapping of the fly in the spider's gilded web is managed with some neatness (the chauffeur is called in to mend an electric fan), the preliminaries of the "seduction" episode, with the heroine assuming a semi-transparent sleeping suit and rushing about scenting the air and even the cushions of her room—to say nothing of her stoppered bottle of liquor—are worthy of a kitchen novelette in their cheap tawdriness. As for the members of Lady Aylesbrough's house party—illicit couples and a mischief-making cad—such a man as their host would not have endured their company a day: a Potiphar capable of calling in the police over a domestic scandal would have swept out these occupants of his wife's drawing-room with a broom. And the winding up of the tale is as unlikely as it is tame.

Mr. Middleton has no excuse whatever for bringing this Joseph of his once more into the Potiphar establishment merely to "tell off" wife and husband. His players do their best. Perhaps Miss Martita Hunt's acting deserves most praise. But Mr. Paul Cavanagh is an attractive Joseph, Mr. Henry Oscar an eloquent counsel, Miss Jeanne de Casalis an alluring temptress; the pyjamas the last-named wears have already attained notoriety.

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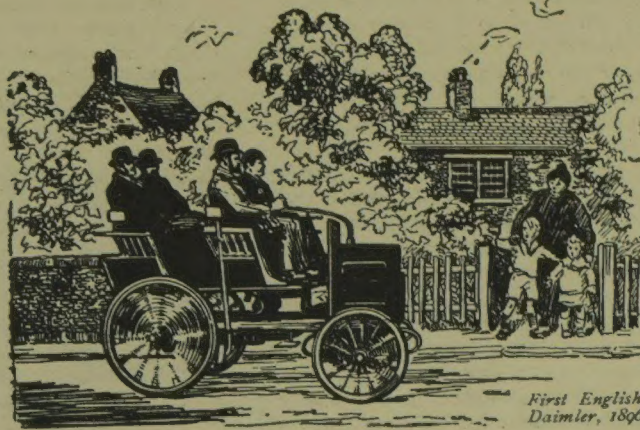
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AIR COOLING—THE FRANKLIN "SIX."

OF all the different attempts at simplifying the modern motor-car, the ones I like best are those which cool engines by any way except through the use of a heavy, expensive, and fragile radiator. I like air cooling; and before one can really go into the matter it is, I suppose, necessary to mention the elementary definition of air cooling.

Whenever an attempt is made to produce what we ordinary people call an air-cooled engine, or whenever the merits and demerits of it are discussed, some highbrow (I am sorry to use the word, but it is the only definition of the kind of pedant I mean) rises like a professional heckler and talks learnedly, and no doubt correctly, but certainly boringly and superfluously, about all cooling being air cooling, or water cooling being really air cooling under another name. It is extraordinarily tedious and redundant.

We all know that the water in a radiator is cooled by the air outside it, and that therefore indirectly the engine round which that air-cooled water circulates is cooled by the air which cooled the water. This is very precious. It is what the highbrows like. Now, no matter how incorrect my definition may be, what I mean by an air-cooled engine is one which is cooled by air blowing or being blown on to it, there being no water employed in the matter. To me a water-cooled engine is one which is cooled because it is surrounded with water colder than itself.

I am one of those who devoutly hope that all our engines will be air-cooled before long, and I am also one of those who, in the face of an enormous mass of evidence to the contrary, believe it. I am not going to quote the successes of air cooling in flying, for I do not consider that these are an absolute proof. It must be

remembered that the atmosphere is considerably colder at 10,000 feet up than it is at sea level—though at the same time mountaineering motorists will be painfully aware that the higher you take your car the more likely the engine is to overheat. In the case of water-cooled engines this latter is, of course,

due to the fact that boiling point falls as the altitude increases. What has always encouraged me in my belief that air cooling is coming is that every air-cooled engine has been a success. I know they are very few, and that, even counting those which made but brief appearances, they make, as a body, very small showing indeed; but I think I am right in saying that those which failed to succeed commercially owed their failure to any feature but their actual air cooling.

I was therefore unusually interested to take out the latest six-cylinder air-cooled Franklin, a product of an American factory which has used air-cooling for a long number of years. The air-cooled cars that I have known hitherto, with the exception of the Franklin I drove some eight years ago in America, have all been small ones. This Franklin has an engine of 26-h.p. and over three litres cubic content, the bore and stroke being .83 by 101. It is altogether a full-sized car, the wheel-base being 9 ft. 11 in., and the track 4 ft. 8 in. The car I tried carried a full-sized saloon body, holding five fully grown people in complete comfort, and possibly six. It is therefore fairly pitted against a dozen or twenty water-cooled cars of the same size. The air cooling of the Franklin is by very considerably forced pressure. A high-speed fan drives a tremendous blast of air on to those portions of the engine which require cooling, doing its work in a large metal air-tight shell over the cylinder-heads. Oddly enough, this blower, which is very like a supercharger in its operation, makes no noise that you notice, at any speed. Its power is tremendous. A convincing demonstration of this was made to me by removing the holding-down nuts of the cover, and the demonstrator inviting me to help to keep the cover in place with our four hands alone with the engine running at about 2000 revolutions. We were unable to keep it down for a second.

The engine itself is unusual in its
[Continued overleaf.]



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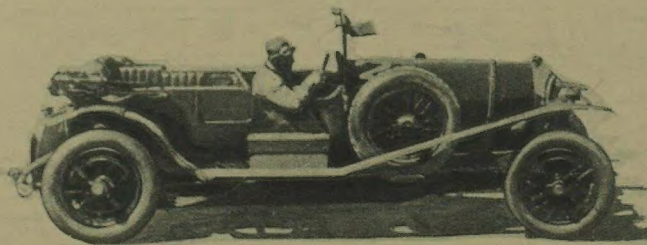


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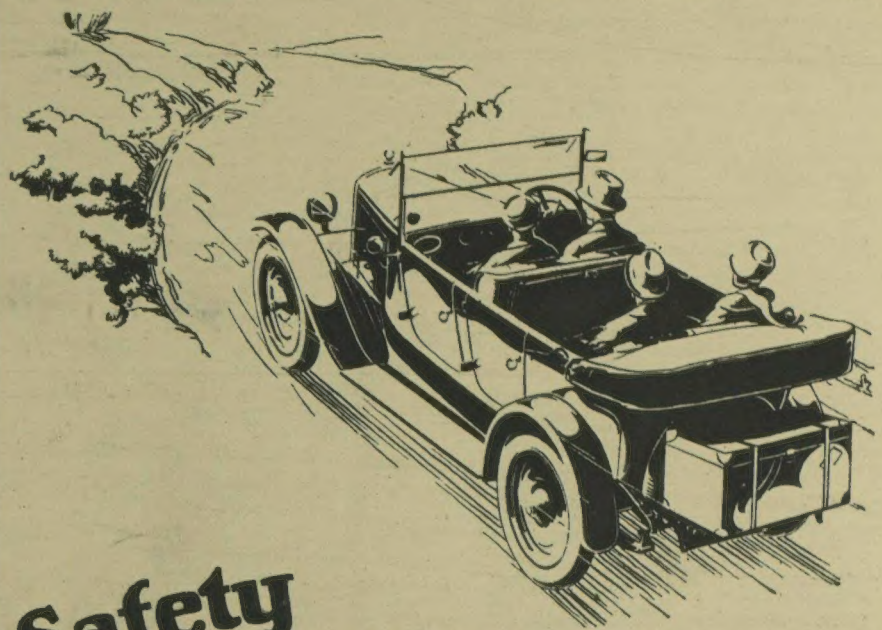
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